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Cambria Freeman.

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Cleanses the system of all its impurities, tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, enlivens the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.

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Will positively Cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. For Coughs, Asthma, Night Sweats, Shortness of Breath, and General Debility, take

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Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, without receiving no benefit, I experimented on myself, discovered a simple remedy that cured me in a few weeks, and now challenge the world to produce a case it will not relieve instantly. I shall therefore send the receipt of my remedy free to any sufferer who will send me their address, name, Post-office and express address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Dr. Harris Treatment, $5; 2 months $8; 3 months $7.

LAND

FOR SALE.

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man,
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's word quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy ring and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on flowers
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman, naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, fairer name.

—*Anonymous.*

HATTIE'S MISTAKE.

'Ah' said old Mrs. Prodgitt, 'things have changed since my day! When I was a girl, folks used stay at home and help their mothers do the housework, and piece bed quilts, and embroidet lace veils, instead of running about in all the dirty streets and narrow lanes in creation!'

Mrs Prodgitt did not take kindly to modern civilization.

She had come up from Owl Brook to visit her Cousin Mary Ann, who had married Ebenezer Hardy a quarter of a century ago and settled down in New York; and, as she expressed herself, 'things seemed to be turned all topsy turvy.'

'But, Cousin Prodgy,' said saucy Hattie Hardy, who was equipping herself with basket, hat, parasol and waterproof cloak, 'it is work of mercy and charity that we are engrossed in.'

'Nonsense!' irritably cried Mrs. Prodgitt. 'I think you've all gone crazy together! I'm surprised at you, Mary Ann, to let the child go tramping all over the city by herself. In my day it wasn't considered respectable.'

'You say, truly, that times have changed since then,' mildly uttered Mrs. Hardy, who was knitting fleecy white wool by the fire. 'Be chare, Hattie, that you come home early. The new minister is to be here to night to tea, and Betsy can't be trusted with the new set of mass rose china.'

'I wonder what he is like?' said Hattie, as she tied the deep-brim strings of her hat into a coquettish bow under her round chin. 'I do hope he's young and handsome.'

'My dear!' remonstrated Mrs. Prodgitt.

'Of course,' added Hattie, 'we knew that old Mr. Puzzleton was a perfect saint, but one don't like saints with red noses and spectacles, and three layers of double chin!'

Mrs. Prodgitt looked as if she expected that Hattie would be struck by lightning on the spot for that heretical remark.

'Harriet!' was all that she could utter.

While Mrs. Hardy, more accustomed to the audacious speeches of her pretty daughter, went on, in her purring, sing-song tones:

'Don't forget that poor widow in Cob lane Hattie. And if you go to Milo Reneau's, I think it would be well to speak a word in season to that great lazy son of his, who is always buying lottery tickets, and does nothing to support the old folks.'

'Oh, yes? I'm glad you mentioned that,' said Hattie, pencilling an entry on her little tablets. 'Mem—To give Jonas Reneau a piece of my mind!' Dear Mr. Puzzleton always said that young man was a dreadful stumbling block!'

'And I think,' went on Mrs. Hardy, 'that the Gray sisters can find work for Alice Jennings, if she is still unemployed.'

'The—which?' said Mrs. Prodgitt.

'The Gray sisters,' explained Mrs. Hardy, 'One of our church organization.'

Mrs. Prodgitt gixed.

'Is there any end to the folly and nonsense of the present generation?' said she.

'I suppose,' laughed Hattie, 'that in your day, Cousin Prodgy, nobody went slumming?'

'Went—where?' said Mrs. Prodgitt.

'Slumming!' distinctly repeated Hattie. 'She means, visiting the poor, and seeking out cases of destitution,' explained Mrs. Hardy. 'Hattie, my child, I do wish you wouldn't talk slang!'

Hattie disappeared with breaks of laughter while Mrs. Prodgitt resettled her spectacles and uttered a deep groan.

'Mark my words, Mary Ann,' said she, 'that girl will come to no good!'

'Hattie does not mean any harm, Cousin Prodgitt,' mildly pleaded Mrs. Hardy, as she knitted on.

While Hattie, on her errand of mercy, went from house to house in the darkening lanes and crowded tenement districts leaving an ounce of green tea here and a lecture there, a bottle of beef-wine-and-iron by a sick bed, a little rose-scented snuff in a poor old woman's hand, a picture book on the pillow of some little child, a wooden toy in the delighted grasp of a skeleton-like infant, a gentle admonition in the ear of a willful factory girl, and a word of comfort to encourage a despairing widow.

She could be gay and flippant enough when 'Cousin Prody' teased her, but she seemed to have assumed a new personality of dignity and sweetness.

Old Milo Reneau's was the last house on her list. She glanced anxiously at her watch as she went in.

'Past five,' she said to herself. 'I must make haste or the dear little mammy will be fretting.'

The dusk of the October evening had already darkened the little room, where lay the patient old sufferer from rheumatism.—It was always neat and clean there, but in Hatte's eyes it seemed more squalid and poverty stricken than usual to-night. As she came around the corner of the door, she perceived a young man sitting at an uncovered pine table—a figure strongly silhouetted against the window.

'Ah!' said she, the spirit of righteous exasperation rising up in her heart, 'so I've caught you at last in the very midst of your evil practices!'

The young man rose hurriedly to his feet. 'I beg your pardon—'he began, but the tide of Hattie's indignation was not thus easily stemmed.

'Don't beg my pardon,' said she. 'Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion—of everything else which you are outraging by this shameful behavior of yours. Apparently, you have neither pride nor self-respect left—now take my advice; turn over a new leaf. Give up your evil practices, and set yourself to earn a decent living. Look me in the eyes, young man!' she added severely. 'Tell me if you are not ashamed of yourself?'

To all appearance, the culprit was struck dumb. Involuntarily he raised a pair of clear, honest gray eyes to Hattie's face, according to orders, but he did not speak a word, good, bad or indifferent.

'He's not bad looking,' thought Hattie; 'but I must not neglect the chance of making an impression. I am surprised at you!' she added aloud. 'A great, able bodied fellow like you settling down as a disreputable incubus on your friends and relatives—Don't you know that you are the talk of the neighborhood? Get up—go to work! Never let me see you idling here again! Now, don't answer me. I never enter into argument with the people in my district. Logic is useless in a case like this.'

She hurried to old Milo, who, being stone deaf, looked smilingly on during this brief but energetic monologue, as it had been a recitation from Shakespeare.

'Here's some extract of beef for you, Mr. Reneau!' she shouted in his ear; 'and a tumbler of lemon jelly! I hope your limbs go is better. I'm sorry I can't stay a little longer to-day, but I'll come again very soon.'

And nodding and smiling good-by to him, she bustled away.

She arrived none too soon on the domestic tapis.

Betsy had already broken one of the moss rose tea-cups, and spilled all the salad dressing, so that Hattie had to go to work to make more.

Cousin Prodgitt had lost her spectacles, and Mrs. Hardy could not find her best lace frill.

Consequently she was only half through arranging her hair when Mrs Hardy called up the stair case:

'Harriet! Harriet! Mr. Gray has come!'

She hurriedly coiled up the shining brown locks and fastened them with a shell-pin, tied the Swiss muslin bow at her throat, and, catching up her pocket-handkerchief, ran down stairs.

Cousin Prodgitt was still adjusting her cap strings in her own room.

Miss Hardy had gone to see if the tea was properly steeping; and so our heroine walked directly into the presence of the Rev. Cecil Gray.

'I am Miss Hardy,' said she. 'I beg your pardon!' but—'

Here she stopped, with the syllables of further speech fairly frozen on her tongue.

A cold chill crept through all her veins, as she recognized the curly, brown hair, the clear, honest eyes, the thick moustache.

But the Rev. Cecil was equal to the emergenes.

'Don't beg my pardon?' said he, gravely, although there was a roguish sparkle in his eyes. 'Beg the pardon of society—of public opinion. 'No, Miss Hardy,' he cried, suddenly dropping his solemn mannerism—'don't look so distressed! Of course it was a mistake. Don't I know perfectly well that it was.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' gasped Hattie. 'I thought it was Filbert Reneau. I never had seen him, you know, and it was so dark, and—and—'

'And so you scolded the wrong man,' said Mr. Gray. 'Well, I'll pass the lecture on to the genuine offender at the very first opportunity, only I'm afraid I cannot emphasize it half so neatly as you did.'

'Oh, don't!' said Hattie, piteously lifting her little hands. 'Please don't!'

'No, I won't,' said Mr. Gray. 'We'll forget and forgive.'

And when Cousin Prodgitt and Mrs. Hardy came in, Hattie and the young clergyman were earnestly discussing the rival merits of the geraniums on Mrs. Hardy's flower-stand.

Mrs. Prodgitt stayed until spring, and when she went back home she told her daughter that Hattie Hard was engaged to a young minister.

'Or at least I suspicion she is,' she added. 'She won't own nothin' for sartin; but things ain't now as they used to be. Folks as was engaged to be married used to be proud of it. But Hattie's a queer girl.—She hasn't been brought up as girls was brought up in my day.'

SIMON GIRTY, THE RENEGADE.

The beautiful and picturesque Sherman's Valley, Perry county, Pa., was Simon Girty's birth-place. Here, about the year 1740, his father, "Simon Gertee" (for so the name is spelled by Secretary Peters in his letter to the Governor) settled. Here near the beautiful Sherman's creek, Simon Girty, the notorious outlaw, was born January, 1744. To compensate for giving such a demon to the world, this valley has since given birth to two Governors, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a Congressman and a Commissary General of the United States army.—Girty's father was killed in a drunken spree, and his mother was murdered by the Indians in 1760, the year he was taken by the Senecas. This tribe adopted him under the name of Katepacomen.

In 1764, according to the conditions of the treaty which closed the Pontiac war, Simon Girty was given up to the whites, but preferring the wild life of the savages to the more quiet one of civilization, he escaped and returned to his tribe. But as the Indians were compelled to give up their captives, he was again returned and settled on Girty's run, near Pittsburg. Afterward in the war of Lord Dunmore, he, with Simon Kenton, or Butler, served as a spy and scout for the whites. He was afterward an Indian agent and interpreter. In this capacity he became acquainted with Col. Crawford, and is said to have desired one of his daughters in marriage.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war Girty was an officer of the militia, stationed at Fort Pitt, but he deserted to the British in 1777. The cause of his treachery is unknown. On August 16, 1781, Girty, accompanied by a large band of Indians, attacked Bryant's Station, Ky., but was repulsed by the garrison. The next year holds the darkest period of his life—the burning of Col. Crawford. In 1783 he married a captive of the Shawnees, named Catharine Malliot, who is said to have been at one time the prettiest girl in Detroit, by whom he had several children.

Girty was present at the defeat of General St. Clair, but when in 1795 "Mad Anthony" Wayne defeated the Indians and overthrew their power in the Northwest he removed to Canada and settled on the Detroit river. He remained there until the war of 1812, but after Perry's victory on Lake Erie he followed the British army on its retreat from Detroit. After the close of the war Girty returned to his farm near Malden, where he died in 1818. The character of Simon Girty has generally been painted as that of the most hardened criminal. He has generally been supposed to have been put little better than a Satanic majesty himself. Most heinous were to have portrayed only the dark side of his character. That there was a light as well as a dark shade in him, and although the clouds predominate and cover most of his life, yet there are here and there in history rifts through which we see the light—his better nature aroused.

There have been three reasons given for his hatred of the whites and his espousal of the cause of the Indians. They are these: First—That an early age he became disgusted with civilization on account of the drunkenness and brutality of his father and the inhumanity of his mother. Second—That he was deeply offended by the appointment over him of a younger man than he was when acting with the whites against the Indians on the Virginia frontier. Third—That when a scout with Lord Dunmore's expedition he was injured and deeply insulted. He and another scout had not received pay for several months, and needing their money, they went to General Lewis and demanded their pay. This was refused, and when they remonstrated Gen. Lewis cursed and struck them several times over their heads with his cane. Girty appears to have been severely wounded in the temple, and with the blood streaming down his face, he quickly turned to leave the apartment, but on reaching the door, wheeled round, planted his feet firmly on the sill, braced an arm against either side of the frame, fixed his keen eyes unflinchingly upon the General, uttered the exclamation, "By God, sir, your quarters shall swim in blood for this!" and instantly disappeared beyond pursuit.

Which of these may have been the true cause of his adopting the life and ways of the Indian is difficult to determine at this late day, but it seems certain that his first lessons in savage life were compulsory and not voluntary.

The two acts with which Girty's name is most frequently connected are the rescue of Kenton and the burning at Crawford. The one throws a gleam of light upon his character, while the other covers him with the blackest clouds, and paints him a criminal of the deepest dye.

In 1778 Simon Kenton was affiached as a scout to Colonel Bowen's expedition against the Indians on the Miami. He was sent forward to reconnoiter, but not satisfied with this he endeavored to steal horses from the Indians and was captured. He was taken to Chillicothe, and treated there to Waughtomoca, where it was the intention of the savages to burn him. With the Indians at this place were the outlaws Simon Girty, James Girty and John Ward.

Kenton was summoned to the council-house, where it had been determined he should die. Girty, who had that day brought in seven white prisoners and seven scalps, was present, and at first used Kenton very roughly. At length he asked: "What is your name?" "Simon Butler," answered Kenton, who had been known by that name during Dunmore's war, when he was Girty's companion and friend. They had been boon companions and bosom friends. Girty's surprise at hearing the name of his old friend may be imagined. He threw his arms about Kenton and begged his forgiveness for his ill treatment. "Symo," said he, weeping like a child, "you are condemned to die, and it will go hard with me, I tell you, but I will save you from that." The surprise of the Indians was great. Girty begged for the life of his friend. He never asked them a favor before, and this would be the last. If they refused it his would think that his red companions had no confidence in him. A long debate ensued, but when the vote was cast Girty had won and his friend's life was saved. Girty took him to his own wigwam and took care of him. He was afterward taken to Detroit, from which place he escaped and returned to Louisville.

The act which most displays the fiendish part of his character is the burning of Crawford. This was one of the most inhuman deeds ever performed by mankind. Girty, in company with the Wyandotte and Shawnee Indians had so harassed the frontier settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania that in 1781 a force of volunteers under command of Colonel William Crawford was sent against them. They fought a battle with the savages in the early part of June. The day after the battle Crawford's forces began to retreat, and the retreat soon became a rout. Among the captives taken by the Indians was Colonel Crawford, who was marched to the chief town of the Wyandottes, which he reached on the 11th of June. Here preparations were made for burning him. He was stripped naked and beaten with clubs. When the preparations were completed, Crawford's hands were tied behind his back, and his wrists were bound to the stake. The pile was fired in several places, and the quick flame curled into the air. Girty took no part in these operations, but sat upon his horse at a long distance, observing them with malignant satisfaction. Catching his eye at the moment the pile was fired, Crawford inquired of the renegade if the savages really meant to burn him. Girty coldly answered "Yes," and the Colonel calmly resigned himself to his fate. For more than two hours the gallant soldier survived the flame gladied stake; and during the latter half of that time he was put to every torture which savage ingenuity could devise and hellish vengeance execute. Once only did a word escape his lips. In the extremity of his agony he again caught the eye of Girty, and he is reported to have exclaimed: "Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart! Do not refuse me! Quick! quick!" And it is said the monster merely replied: "Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel?" then burst into a loud laugh and turned away. Crawford said no more; he sank beneath the pain and suffocation which he endured, and was often aroused by a new torture; but in a little while the vital spark fled, and the black and swollen body lay senseless at the foot of the stake.

Such was the life of Simon Girty, the White Savage, who exerted such a powerful influence over the Indians of the Northwest a hundred years ago. I have endeavored to give it as I find it, writing nothing in malice nor wishing to extenuate his crimes.—*Cincinnati News Journal.*

I THOUGHT I heard Joe kiss you on the piazza last night, said a father to his daughter.

Oh, no, pa, was the artless answer, he only kissed me on the ear.

Well, perhaps that was it.

THE dark ages—the period elapsing between the time of beginning to look for a match in your bare feet and finding it.

THREE PRAYERS.

Beneath a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrow's sight,
Three simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly prayed.

One, dreaming of crested things,
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds with painted wings,
And fairy flowers that bloom before they die,
The waving weeds—the scented air—
Cried to her heart, and there her sighs,
Was heard the gentle maiden's prayer:
"Oh, give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden tumult seemed to grow
Within the second maiden's breast,
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest:
Ambition dazzled in her eyes
That life's a reward—a deathless name,
Then from her heart came stifled cries:
"If I may live, oh! give me fame!"

The third fair maiden knelt apart;
Her eyes—a heaven starred with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heaven ah me;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift,
Let me be loved by one I love!"

GOING HOME AT LAST.

A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

The private watchman tried each front door in the row. It was a very substantial, comfortable looking row, which had stood there many years, and had grown accustomed to good fortune. In most houses the lights were all extinguished, but here and there soft rays came out through rich, heavy curtains, suggesting household groups within discussing the events of some pleasant, sociable gathering, or taking sweet counsel for children tucked away asleep in luxurious beds.

The private watchman was a very large man, but was accompanied by a very small dog. The little dog, however, was deeply impressed with its own importance. When the watchman started up each pair of steps the dog planted himself at the bottom trying to look as much as possible like a mastiff. He remained like a little statue until the watchman tried the front door and turned to descend. Then the dog gave two or three emphatic wags with his short spike tail, as if to say, "I have inspected that house. It is all safe."

The watchman and dog thus went from door to door until they came to the large house at the corner. The front was found secured, and the watchman, turning the corner, descended the area steps on the side. The dog waited at the top. As the man turned the angle of the area below, leading to the kitchen door, his foot encountered something. He gave a sudden exclamation. The dog was instantly at his side, but just as quickly was wagging his tail in a delightful manner, having discovered the object to be one of the horrors of small dogs, a small boy.

The night was very cold; the child had stretched himself close along the crack of the kitchen door, so as to intercept any heat, and had sunk into a heavy sleep.

'Come wake up,' said the watchman, not unkindly, giving the child a shake.

'Paper, sir,' said a weak little voice in the first dazed consciousness of awakening.

'Why, this is no time sell papers, my little man; it's past midnight, and time for you to be going home.'

The child, long accustomed to being ordered about, slowly rose to his feet, and then tried to lift a large bundle which lay near. He failed at first, for it was plain he had sold few papers, and the bundle was weighty for his failing strength; but at last he got the papers under his arm, and, dragging one foot up at a time, ascended the area steps, and without a word of complaint or protest walked very slowly away.

The watchman and dog followed to the pavement and silently watched him, the dog standing very close to his master's legs, with head and tail drooped in an aspect of mute sympathy.

As the child disappeared in the darkness it was like a perspective of old age, his pace was so slow, his frame was so bowed and shrunken, his steps so irresolute and weak.

"Wife had some hot broth and a bright fire when I left," said the watchman, "and I most wish I had taken him around to the house. But then I oughtn't to leave my beat, and maybe the little chap's mother is sitting up for him at home."

The day dawned bright and cheery over the great city. Smartly-dressed girls on their way to work would run along, making the cool an excuse for the glad buoyancy of their youth and health. Quick stepping workmen walked and talked briskly. The drivers of the street cars were swathed around with blankets and looked like bales of goods, but mercury had no effect on the conductors, who, in very swell raiment, beamed upon the fair sex like a summer morn.

At the top of the same area steps a milkman and a maid were laying the foundation of future connubial felicity.

'Very cold night last night? Mr. Grass; both furnaces going in the house, but two pipes burst.'

'Coldest night of the season, Miss Susan. Why, every particle of water at the dairy this morning was frozen tight.'

'La, Mr. Grass,' said Susan, 'that must be very bad for your particular business.'

The milkman was not naturally facetious, but he had heard this joke in such a variety of forms that before it had been fairly uttered he had taken a large red silk handkerchief out of his overcoat pocket, and, deliberately wiping the icecicles from his beard, said:

'I'll take a forfeit for that joke, Miss Susan.'

The girl held out a pair of saucy, rosy lips, but just as the milkman tried to throw his arms around her waist and kiss her, she deftly eluded his grasp, skimmed down the area steps like a swallow, and as he took a stride forward to follow her, he heard the bolt of the kitchen door ring in its sockets inside, and a merry peal of laughter mock from within.

The milkman drove away in a contemplative mood.

'Them young girls,' he said, 'is more pesky than a two year old colt.'

Over at the great lumber yard the men as they arrived went into the large room outside the office and gathered around the stove. Each one as he came recounted experiences of the bitter cold of the previous night with an identity of incidents which men always relate when they describe their sensations of zero or an earthquake.

A tall, sinewy, grizzly-bearded, kindly-faced man, whom the rest saluted as the foreman, came in, and having chatted awhile as he thawed his hands, said:

'Well, Tom, let's go out to the yard and finish that building.'

The two men proceeded to a distant corner of the yard, where a couple of piles of boards were separated a short distance, a few boards having been thrown across so as to form a sort of shelter beneath.

'Just lift those boards to the left, Tom,' said the foreman.

As the last of them was being laid in place, the man said:

'There's something on the ground there, Captain.'

The foreman with business habit, adjusted the board in its place. Then he looked down.

The form of a child lay upon the ground. His head rested upon a large pile of newspapers. A tear in his clothing about his feet showed that he had nothing on beneath his outer garments. One shoe was broken through, the other worn very thin. He lay perfectly still.

Without a word to each other, nor heeding the bitter cold, the men both uncovered.

They stood in the presence of Death. The foreman took off his own great coat, and kneeling down gently to place it over the body of the child, he saw that one of the little hands had tried to draw something from the breast of his ragged coat. The foreman drew it out, looked carelessly at one side, then intently at the other, and with glistening eyes handed it to his companion.

It was an old piece of white card board, one side of which was filled with odd devices of boy's games, a top, a whip, then an attempt to depict an execution; but the other side was quite clear of all this, and in the centre the child had made a rude attempt at a border, and inside was scrawled in irregular characters of an untaught hand H-O-M-E.

Motherless, fatherless, alone in the great city; too late to exchange his papers at the news offices; too weak to encounter a beating in the rough garret where he lodged—some recollections of boyish playtime had led him to the lumber yard, and, crawling under its gates, he had crept into the last shelter, where he was found.

But as his eyes were closing in death they saw that he had smiled. His earthly hope receded as he grasped at the crude record of his childish dreams, but he smiled, for he saw now that he was going home at last.

A vision appeared to him of a fair and stately mansion from whose radiant doorway a voice of divine sweetness would welcome him, saying "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS.

When domestic unhappiness exists in a family it generally happens that the case may be traced to money matters and to the unequal division of the common funds.—Probably eight women out of ten who are married and have no other visible means of support than a husband are dependent upon that husband's generosity for every five cents they have to spend. The idea of a husband being generous to his wife is quite as absurd as it would be for any other business partner to be generous to his associate. A widower with a house full of children has to pay a good round sum to some housekeeper for attending to the same duties his wife performed for her board, lodging and clothes. He does not grumble when the housekeeper comes for her salary, nor ask her what she did with all that money he gave her last month, nor inquire in an aggrieved tone of voice if thirty dollars won't do instead of forty dollars. No, she has earned her money, he respects her right to it, and he pays her like a man. When his wife was housekeeper he paid her like a husband. It is true he gave her liberal credits at dry goods shops, milliners and dress makers. These privileges constituted his ideas of feminine bliss. What need had she of money? Such a thing as giving her, or rather of sharing with her a portion of the product of his labors as one of the domestic firm never occurred to him. He was quite willing to trust her to keep the honor of his home and name, to raise his children; but a doubt as to her business incapacity never crossed his mind. That she would foolishly waste money if she could get hold of it was his foregone conclusion, although for years she had managed his home, and with unexampled economy he is now able to appreciate since she is dead. It is not an uncommon thing for a woman to have to worry her husband for ten cents for car fare to take her to church. When you see a woman carry her "pocket money," a dime or so, tucked in the palm of her glove, you may conclude she has a husband of this description. For a proud spirited, naturally independent woman to have to beg, bargain and haggle for a few

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - MARCH 6, 1885.

WE are indebted to Mr. Horne, of the House at Harrsburg, for a copy of Smull's Legislative Hand Book.

IN another part of our paper we publish an interesting account of the escape of John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, from his twenty years' sentence to penal servitude in Australia.

THE Johnstown *Daily Tribune* was twelve years old on Monday last, and as the paper itself is its own best recommendation, it would be entirely superfluous on our part by anything we could say to attempt to enhance its merits or add to its reputation as a thorough and well conducted newspaper.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch* says that "the oldest 'Postmaster in the United States' is now represented as avowing that he was always a Democrat, altho' he was appointed by Lincoln," and that this is a feature which is breaking out generally among Postmasters whether of the "oldest or the youngest class."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND starts out by refusing to be a dead head on the railroads. He was tendered a palace car by the West Shore Railroad Company for the accommodation of himself and the eight personal friends and relatives who accompanied him from Albany to Washington on Monday night, but he declined the offer, bought tickets for the entire party, and paid for them like an honest man.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S cabinet is composed as follows: Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, Secretary of State; Daniel Manning, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior; Wm. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, Postmaster General; A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, Attorney General; Wm. C. Whitney, of New York, Secretary of the Navy and Judge Endicott, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.

AS ONE of the straws which show the direction of the wind in business affairs the revival of the coke business in the Connellsville region, and other portions of Western Pennsylvania, may be mentioned. Seventy per cent. of the seven thousand coke ovens in the region named are said to be in operation at present, instead of the forty-five per cent. which have been running during the past year. Of course, the revival has given employment to thousands of idle men, and as coke would not be made unless it was wanted, the increased demand may be accepted as a sure indication that the iron and steel business in that part of the State are experiencing a very encouraging change.

MR. BLAINE'S only sister, Mrs. Eliza Blaine Walker, who has been ill for some time in Baltimore, is now in a condition that precludes all hope of her recovery. She was thought to be dying on Sunday and in obedience to a dispatch Mr. Blaine went from Washington to Baltimore and spent the afternoon with her. Her husband and her two married daughters, Mrs. D. W. Fiske, of Montana, and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, of Salt Lake, are with her. She is the mother, as our readers will remember, of Sister Theresa who died a few weeks ago at the convent in Wilkes-Barre. P. S.—Mrs. Walker died on Tuesday morning. The remains will be taken to Brownsville, Washington county, this State, for interment.

THE news of the failing condition of General Grant has been received with profound sorrow by the whole country. He is not confined to his bed, having been up during Sunday last, but his physicians, Drs. Barker and Douglass, as well as his friends, have about given up all hope of his recovery. Dr. Douglass says he will not call the trouble with Gen. Grant's throat a cancer and uses the term "epithelia" as applicable to it, which he says covers many diseases of a cancerous nature. He further says that Gen. Grant will waste away because of the drain upon his system and the wearing of the disease upon his nervous forces. "I am sorry to say," he expresses himself, "that the trouble is seldom cured, and there seems to be little hope of his life."

PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND and party left Albany on Monday evening at 6:40 on a special train on the West Shore railroad for Jersey City on their way to Washington, and arrived at the National Capital on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. He thus made the entire journey in the night time and was not annoyed by crowds of people at the different stations anxious to get a sight of him. He was accompanied by his brother, Rev. L. Cleveland, his sisters, Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Cleveland, his niece, Miss Hastings, Mr. Daniel Manning and wife and Col. Lamont, his private secretary, Mrs. Lamont and her two children. In the afternoon Mr. Cleveland left the Arlington, at which he had taken rooms and visited President Arthur at the White House.

ON last Friday night in the British House of Commons the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote censuring the government's policy in the management of Egyptian affairs, was defeated by a majority of 14 for the government, the vote standing: Yeas, 288; nays, 302. A majority of 14 in a body composed of 650 members, and on a vote of 590, on a distinct resolution of censure, is what would be styled a close call. The Ministry regard the vote as a sufficient vindication and will not resign. The Minister of War declared during the debate that the Government would never abandon the Soudan until all the pledges it had made before the opening of the campaign should have been fulfilled, and that if only for the sake of the moral effect in India, the military expedition must continue until Khartoum is retaken and El Mahdi brought to terms. The London *Standard* declares that though not defeated by the vote the Cabinet is bankrupt of influence, and that Gladstone has received a severe lesson.

THREE thousand copies of Smull's Legislative Hand Book, one thousand of which are for the use of the Senate and two thousand for that of the House, were last week furnished to the members of the Legislature for distribution.—This is done annually under an act of Assembly passed in 1871. The act ought never to have been passed for the conclusive reason that the Legislature has not the shadow of a right to vote away the people's money for the purpose of supplying its members with copies of any book whatever, no matter what its merits may be. If Smull's Hand Book is a valuable compilation, and we admit that it is, and if a member of the Legislature wants a copy of it for himself and a dozen or more copies for distribution among his favored constituents, let him go to a book store and buy them as he would any other book, and not by virtue of an act passed by the two houses compel the State to furnish him with them. Not content with the number of Hand Books provided for by the act of 1871, it has been the constant practice of every Legislature since that time to authorize the State printer to furnish thousands and thousands of *extra* copies for the use of the members. This swindling game was carried to such an extent at the last session as to give each Senator fully *one hundred* copies of the work, and to each member of the House nearly as many. No sooner had the members received their quota of the Hand Book ten days ago than E. K. Nason, a new member from Erie county, but who is up to old tricks, offered a bill authorizing *ten thousand* extra copies to be furnished for the use of the two houses. This would give each member of the House thirty-five copies and each Senator sixty. There is nothing either mean or modest about Nason, this new and hitherto unknown statesman from the shores of Lake Erie. He wants Smull's Hand Book and plenty of them. His bill will pass both houses, as no proposition of the kind ever failed, and then some other member, in the Senate, perhaps, will offer another bill for another installment. There never was a man in the Legislature who carried this hankering for the Hand Book to its logical absurdity so completely as Dr. McKnight, of Jefferson county, a recent member of the Senate. His broad and comprehensive plan was that the Legislature ought to furnish every "head of a family in the State" with a copy of the book. The whole business is a legislative steal and when Nason's bill passes Gov. Pattison ought to dispose of it by an outspoken and ringing veto, and then let the members pass it over his head if they dare.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are to make a tour of Ireland in April and will hold a series of levees at Dublin Castle. The visit is intended to strengthen the sentiment of loyalty among the Irish people. Most of the London papers have editorial articles on the proposed tour, and the opinion is generally expressed that in view of all things the visit will be a plucky and perhaps hazardous experiment, but that it is well to remind the Irish people of the fact that the union between the two countries still exists, and that the visit will therefore be timely and probably productive of good results. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* expresses the hope that the Prince of Wales when he visits Ireland will be received with respect and cordiality, but that it must be clearly dissociated from politics. "If the Castle authorities," it says, "think to make political capital out of the Prince's visit they will be much mistaken and it would be better that the Prince stay at home." As long as England keeps her iron heel on the prostrate neck of Ireland the feeling of "Irish loyalty," as it is misnamed, will not be strengthened to any appreciable extent even if Queen Victoria were to collect in London all her sons and daughters and their wives and husbands and send them all over to Ireland in a lump. The hatred of the Irish people toward their implacable foe for more than five hundred years is too deep seated to be removed or condoned by a thousand levees held by her prospective King and his wife at Dublin Castle or by any other mere friendly display of royalty. The disease requires more heroic treatment.

A PROGRESSIVE Republican member of the State Senate by the name of Hughes, from Philadelphia, had a pet measure before the Judiciary Committee of that body, allowing women to become lawyers, and expected to write his name high up on the roll of immortality by securing its passage. The Committee, however, was wiser and made of different material than Hughes supposed it to be, and unanimously reported his bill with a negative recommendation. This hostile action of the committee has not caused Hughes to abandon his hobby, but he ayows his purpose of making the biggest effort of his Senatorial life in having the bill placed on the calendar, and then he will inflict upon a suffering Senate the speech he has prepared on the subject. The bill, however, may be regarded as dead beyond resurrection for the present session. No woman who fully appreciates the sphere in which nature intended she should move—no woman of becoming modesty, which is one of the greatest adornments of her sex, will ever want to practice law, vote at elections or hold office. Whenever low ambition of that kind possesses a woman she simply unsexes herself.

LAST week was one of Mr. Arthur's "off" weeks in the matter of appointments. He had already pitchforked two civilians into army paymasterships—positions which ought to be reserved for officers who have spent their best years in active service—one of whom was the drunken son of an Albany politician and the other a dropped West Point cadet. Now he has appointed his own brother-in-law Quartermaster, with the rank of captain. These and a large number of Mr. Arthur's other recent appointments are eminently discreditable to him. The only distinctive reputation that he will carry with him in his retirement to private life is that of having been the best and most faultlessly dressed President that the country has ever had.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Escape from West Australia.

Twenty-two years ago John Boyle O'Reilly enlisted in the Prince of Wales's regiment, the Tenth Hussars. He was then about 19 years old. A well-educated boy, of ardent temperament, and sincerely devoted to the Irish cause, he did what he could in the regiment to promote the revolutionary movement that began in 1863. His connection with the Fenian insurrectionists was discovered, he was arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason, and he was sentenced in July, 1866, to imprisonment for life. This sentence was afterward commuted to penal servitude for twenty years. O'Reilly spent about a year in the English prisons, working in the chain gangs. In November, 1867, he was transported to West Australia in the convict ship Hougoumont, crowded with felons. For about thirteen months he worked at road making near Bunbury in the penal colony, associating with convicts and ticket-of-leave men. Various accounts of the manner of his escape in February, 1869, have been printed. The true story was not known until Mr. O'Reilly had been in this country for ten years or more, when time had removed all danger of inculpating certain friends who risked much in assisting him to freedom.

In the list of absconders printed early in 1869 in the official *Police Gazette* of West Australia there appeared this paragraph:

2.—John B. O'Reilly. Registered number, 9,843. Imperial convict; arrived in Colony per convict ship Hougoumont in 1868; sentenced to twenty years 9th July, 1866. Description—Healthy appearance; present age, 25 years; 5 feet 7½ inches high, black hair, brown eyes, oval visage, dark complexion; an Irishman. Absconded from Convict Road party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869.

The man to whom Boyle O'Reilly owed his liberty was a good Catholic priest, the Rev. Patrick McCabe, "whose parish extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men." He was a scholar and gentleman of rare accomplishments, "almost always in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, and sleeping in his blanket under the trees at night." "He was an ideal disciple of Christ," says Mr. O'Reilly, "who labored only for his Master. He was the best influence, indeed, in my time he was the only good influence on the convicts in the whole district of Bunbury." We continue the quotation from Mr. O'Reilly's own narrative:

One day this remarkable man rode to my hut, and we walked together into the bush. I had then made all my plans for escape, and I freely told him my intention. "It's an excellent way to commit suicide," he said; and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leaned from the saddle and said: "Don't think of that again. Let *me* think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long."

He went away and I waited weeks and months and never heard a word. I was not compelled to work with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores, and carried the warder's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. Finally, one day on my way with this report, I came to a place known as the Race Course. As I crossed it I heard a coo ee, or bush cry, and saw a man coming toward me. He was a big, hand some fellow, with an axe on his shoulder. He came to me with a friendly smile. "My name is Maguire," he said; "I am a friend of Father McCabe's, and he's been speaking about you." Seeing my hesitation, he drew a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him.

This was in December, 1868. Some American whalers were expected to touch at Bunbury in February for water. After two months of suspense, news came to O'Reilly of the arrival of the barks. Maguire announced that he had arranged with the Captain of one of the whalers, the Vigilant of New Bedford, to cruise for two or three days just outside of Australian waters, and take the fugitive on board from a small boat. On the night of February 18 O'Reilly waited until the warder had visited his hut, put on a pair of freeman's shoes, as the trackers could easily discern the mark of a regulation convict's boot, and struck into the bush:

About 11 o'clock I came to an old convict station, and lay down behind an old gum tree at the roadside. In half an hour or so two men rode up, but they passed on; they were farmers, probably, or maybe a patrol of mounted police. Shortly after, I heard horses coming at a sharp trot. They halted near me and I heard "Patrick's Day" whistled clear and low. In an instant I was with them—Maguire and another friend, M——. They led a spare horse. I mounted at once, and without a word we struck into the bush at a gallop. For hours we rode on in silence.

They reached the shore, found a small boat ready for them, and pulled about forty miles along the coast to the point where they expected to meet the New Bedford whaler. No one had thought to bring food or water, and for twenty-four hours or more the sufferings of the party were intense. At 1 o'clock on the third day they made out the Vigilant, under full sail, steering north. They pulled toward her with light hearts:

She was steering straight toward us, so we stopped pulling and waited for her. But we were bound to be awfully disappointed. When she was within two miles of our boat she fell off several points, as if to avoid us. Every one stared in amazement. Maguire kept saying that Capt. Baker had given his word as a man, and he could not believe that he would break it. Five of the men stood up in the boat and gave a loud hail that must have been heard on board. No answer. Again he hailed, and we all joined in the shout. No answer. It only seemed that the Vigilant turned a point further from us. At last she came abreast of our boat. She was then about three miles distant. Maguire hoisted a white shirt on the end of an oar, and we shouted again. But the Vigilant passed on, and left our boat to its fate.

They landed on the beach, and O'Reilly's friends went back to Bunbury, promising to return in a week, and leaving him hiding in a secluded sand valley close to the shore. He climbed a tree and caught an opossum, and also captured a few kangaroo rats. These animals supplied him with food. After three days O'Reilly, still believing that Capt. Baker must be cruising for him somewhere off the coast, resolved to make another attempt to board the whaler. The rowboat was too heavy for him to pull alone. Six or seven miles further up the beach he found an old dory, half buried in the sand. He dug the dory out, launched it, made it watertight by plugging the cracks with paper bark, and put to sea alone:

Before night I had passed the headland, and was on the Indian Ocean. I knew there was a current going northward. Next morning I gave up pulling, and sat down to watch and wait. It was very hot. The sun flamed above, and the reflection from the water was searching. That day, toward noon, I saw a sail. It was the Vigilant—there was no other vessel there. She drew near to me, so near that I could voices on deck. I saw the men alof, on the lookout, but they did not see me—at least Capt. Baker says so. She sailed away again, and was out of sight before night. The dew and the cool air refreshed me, and I resolved to pull back to shore and wait for Maguire's return. I pulled all night, off and on, and in the morning saw the sand hills at the headland of Geographe Bay.

After that second bitter disappointment O'Reilly left his sand valley no more. He slept most of the time for five days, and then Maguire came back with the good news that Father McCabe had arranged for O'Reilly's passage on another New Bedford whaler, the Gazelle, Capt. Gifford. But Maguire also brought an unwelcome traveling companion in the person of a criminal convict, one Martin Bowman, a ticket of leave man, and one of the worst characters in the colony. Bowman had discovered the means of O'Reilly's escape, and had threatened to put the police on the track unless he was taken off, too:

That night we slept little, some one always keeping an eye on Bowman. We were up at daybreak, and soon after we were afloat. We pulled straight out toward the headland, as Capt. Gifford had instructed.—By noon we saw the two whaleships coming along with a fine breeze. Toward evening we heard a hail, and somebody shouted my name, and cried out, "Come on board!" We were all overjoyed. We pulled alongside, and I was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry Hathaway, the third mate. Capt. Gifford made me welcome, and gave me a place in the cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was sent forward among the crew.

Six months afterward, when the Gazelle touched at Roderique, an English island in the Indian Ocean, the Governor came aboard searching for "an escaped convict from Australia, a black haired man." I was standing with Mr. Hussey, the mate, when the Governor made the demand. Mr. Hussey said that no such person was on board. The Governor answered that he had information that a man had escaped on the Gazelle. Mr. Hussey feared that they might seize the ship, so he said that a man of that description, who had come on board off the coast of Australia, might be the person. He called Bowman, whom every one on board detested, and he was put in irons and taken ashore. We knew that he would tell the whole story (the wonder is that he did not do it then; but he wished to make terms for his own release.) That night the officers of the Gazelle threw overboard the grindstone, with my hat, while I lay hid in the Captain's cabin. A cry of "Man overboard!" was raised, a boat was lowered, and the men picked up. There were on board some English ex-convicts who had shipped in Australia, and these only waited for a chance to get me retaken. But one of them, utterly deceived by the officers' strategy, declared that he saw me sink where my hat was picked up. When the Governor came on board next day to demand his prisoner the flag was at half mast, and the officers sorrowfully told him that the man he probably wanted had jumped overboard in the night and was drowned. His policemen went among the crew and learned the same news. Two days later the Gazelle sailed from Roderique, and I came on deck, much to the amazement of the crew.

That ended Mr. O'Reilly's adventures. Off the Cape of Good Hope Captain Gifford handed him thirteen sovereigns, all the money he had, and transferred him to the American ship Sapphire. This ship took him to Liverpool, where he was provided with a secure hiding place until a berth was secured for him on the Bath ship Bombay, which landed him in Philadelphia on Nov. 23, 1869 nine months after he made his first break for the Australian bush.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1885.

The streets of Washington are crowded with visitors who have come to the inauguration, and who improve their time while waiting for that event, by visiting the museums, art galleries, Departments, and other places of interest and entertainment which this city, more than any other, affords. Old men may be seen among them, those who have not been in Washington since the inaugural ceremonies of the last Democratic President, and who look with admiration at the improvements that have taken place since then, and the extensive preparations that are going on.—The streets, the hotels, the shops, and the faces all have a holiday appearance, and of course, the festivities on the fourth of March are the all absorbing topic.

The President-elect will arrive tomorrow night, and will be escorted to the Arlington hotel by an appointed committee. His first glimpse of his future home on the morning of the inauguration will be pleasant, for, from the windows of the Arlington, beyond trees, fountains, and Lafayette Park, an excellent view of the White house can be obtained. At about ten o'clock Mr. Cleveland will proceed to the Executive mansion, accompanied by a committee of Senators, where he will be introduced to President Arthur, and they will go together in an open carriage, in the midst of a grand civic and military procession, to the Capitol.

A broad stand has been erected on the eastern front of the Capitol, and there the President-elect will take his oath of office, and the President will deliver his inaugural address.

Only a few hundreds will hear his voice, but tens of thousands can see for the first time a Democratic President. Arthur will quickly proceed to the White House, and after lunching, will take their places on a covered stand that has been erected in the grounds of the procession. The latter will be five miles in length, and embrace about twenty five thousand men. It will approach the Presidential stand from different routes. Its line of march will include portions of Pensylvania avenue, Twenty second street, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Masschusetts avenues, and K street.—During the progress of the procession, Pennsylvania avenue will be kept entirely clear from curb to curb, both from vehicles and people, and the police have orders to arrest any one encroaching upon the street. This will prevent crowding the line of march and will add greatly to the effect of the spectacle.

If it is a pleasant day, the pageant will be a grand. The bright uniforms of the soldiers, the martial music, the thronging crowds, the gay draperies of bunting, red, white and blue, and the numerous decorations will make the panorama one long to be remembered.

The ballroom is at last in readiness for its many distinguished guests. At least ten thousand are expected to attend, and under the dazzling electric lights the scene will be truly brilliant. The walls are draped with velvet, bordered with gold, elegant silk banners and patriotic designs. Huge plate glass mirrors are placed here and there, and flowers will be everywhere. A mamoth floral chair will be placed at one end of the hall for the President, and a superbly furnished room has been prepared for his temporary use. The ventilation, heating, and lighting capabilities of the ballroom have been tested and found nearly perfect. No matter how many persons attend, the hall will not be crowded. The gallery alone can seat three thousand persons, and five thousand can easily waltz at once in the space alloted to dancing, and there will be abundant room for promenaders. It is estimated that six hundred persons can be served at the same time in the supper rooms. A fire company will be kept constantly on duty in the building.

There is some talk of opening the ball room on the 5th of March for a small fee, so that those who felt unable to pay five or ten dollars for admission to the regular ball, might at least be gratified with a sight of the decorations, and wander around in the "banquet hall deserted." K.

FOR the larceny of a bucket of candy the value of which could not be possibly more than ten dollars two men were last week sentenced by a Philadelphia Judge to an imprisonment of eighteen months each. On the day before a man who pleaded guilty of an embezzlement of one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars while occupying a position of trust was sentenced by another Judge to an imprisonment of thirty-five months—four months less than the combined imprisonment of the two men who committed a petit larceny. Verily, the eyes of Justice are bandaged to little purpose in this age of universal discrimination!

—The Board of Pardons has refused to interfere in the case of Charles H. Briggs, the convicted Philadelphia murderer, and he must hang. An effort was made to show that Briggs was a lunatic, but an expert has just pronounced him sane.

—Dr. Mary Walker says she'll wear pants or nothing. For the sake of Washington society let her wear the pants.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—We are now working under a Democratic administration.

—Beware of Frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It cures colds, croup, asthma, deafness and Rheumatism.

—Three Mexican herders employed by Captain David Lovell in Dimmitt county, Texas, were murdered last week by five Americans.

—A Wisconsin farmer recommends as a sure cure for potato bugs to plant one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says the bugs will shun it every time, and for ten years he has been very successful in growing potatoes.

—The other night a Philadelphia policeman was attracted by the actions of a team of horses whose driver appeared to be asleep. The wagon was stopped by the officer, who attempted to arouse the driver. A closer examination showed the man was dead.

—On Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock an 8-year-old daughter of Professor Beamer, of Manor, Pa., attempted to cross the track after an eastern train had passed and was struck by Wall's work train west and fatally injured. No hopes are entertained for her recovery.

—Superintended Maxwell reported to the Chamber of Commerce at Cincinnati, on Monday, the result of the winter's packing in that city, which showed that the number of hogs packed during the winter months of 1884-5 was 385,435 against 365,451 the previous winter, and the increase this winter of 18,988 over the packing of last winter.

—A two-year-child of James J. Anspach, Heidelburg township, Berks county, was attacked by rats and fatally injured on Saturday last. The little one lay in her cradle and the rodents jumped up and bit it on the nose, arms, and hands, which swelled to enormous proportions. The rats had to be driven off with a club.

—A. L. Gresham on Monday morning met and severely horsewhipped Albert Gihon, son of Medical Director Gihon, of the navy at Washington, D. C. The cause was the card published on Sunday, in which Gihon charges Gresham with having taken a lady of questionable reputation to a theatre party given by Gihon. A duel is imminent.

—Ada Bartholomew, aged 11 years, of Titusville, Pa., went on Sunday night to a neighbor's for a pail of milk. Reaching the house she stepped on the ice and in falling struck her head on the steps, breaking her neck. An inmate of the residence had seen her going to the gate, but noticing that the young lady was not in the house, went to the door and found her lifeless form.

—A dispatch from Wayne county states that Silas Clapper, aged 77, living with his son on the eastern border of that county, was greatly annoyed by cats last week. On Saturday he shut several of them in the kitchen, and going among them with a club beat some of them to death. When his excitement subsided the old man was so horrified at the sight of the blood-stained walls and floor that he went to the barn and hanged himself.

—While crossing Tyronza river, Arkansas, on a mule, the rider, a negro, fell off and was drowned. The mule came safely to shore and was taken possession of by the local justice. The river was dragged, the negro's body found, and on it a pistol. He had been dead three days, but the 'squire fined him $50 and costs for carrying concealed weapons, and confiscated mule and pistol to pay the same.

—W. R. Lemmon, aged 22 years, a student in the Missouri Medical College, committed suicide on Monday morning by shooting himself through the head, the cause being despondency resulting from his failure to pass his graduating examination at the college. On Sunday morning when the result of the examination was announced he fell into a fit of melancholy, which lasted all night and ended by his suicide the following morning.

—A sad suicide by a man apparently crazed with grief occurred in an outhouse in Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday last. Henry Machel, an industrious mechanic, employed by the White Sewing Machine Company, lived with his wife and four children. February 18 his daughter, aged 15 years, died. His grief was severe and the next day he disappeared suddenly. His body was found on Monday morning with a bullet hole in the head. A pistol was found near by.

—Advices from the Indian Territory give the particulars of a bloody tragedy in the Chickasaw Nation. An old man named Rainey and his son Lewis, who had removed a quantity of mortgaged property from the States, were overtaken on Red river by Officer J. D. L. Johnson and two deputies. The officers proceeded to take possession of the goods, when old man Rainey seized a Winchester rifle and shot Johnson through the head, killing him instantly. Both the Raineys then turned on the deputy sheriffs and shot one of them. The Raineys then crossed the river and escaped.

—Eli Foust died last week at the Warren Asylum. The history of his career is remarkable. Over thirty years ago, when a young man, he was employed as a cattle drover over the mountains of this State. One evening, after a very severe day's labor, he stopped at a spring, and, while in a heated state of body, drank copiously of the cool water and lay down to sleep. He arose next morning a maniac, and from that hour did not know a lucid interval. He was kept chained in a strong building and cared for by his relatives for many years as best they could. Several years ago he was removed to Warren.

—Some thirty-six years ago, by a premature explosion of gunpowder, an iron bar three and a half feet long and one inch and a-quarter in diameter, weighing 13¼ pounds was shot completely through a man's head and perforated his brain. This man walked up a flight of stairs after the accident, and gave his account of how it happened. Although his life was despaired of for some time, he developed no paralysis, nor did marked impairment of his intellectual faculties follow convalescence. Eventually he recovered his health. Twelve years elapsed before his death, during which time he worked as a laborer on a farm.

—Information has been received at Dallas, Texas, that 200 cowboys have organized with a view to raiding and looting the Catholic German colony of Marienfield, Martin colony, in the Panhandle district. It was reported that they proposed to make the attack on Tuesday. It is known that the residents of the town have been under arms for several days. About two weeks ago a party of drunken cowboys visited the town and attempted to "clean the town out," but were driven away and one of their number killed by the sheriff. The threatened raid is for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on the inhabitants. Some apprehensions are felt less a convent located there should fall into the hands of the ruthless cowboys.

—Unknown parties made an attempt on Sunday night to blow up Rainey's dam on the Neshannock creek in Lawrence county with dynamite. The dam has long caused great anxiety because of the ice gorging on it and flooding the town. The concussion shook every building for a mile around, shattering windows, breaking crockery and creating consternation among the occupants. In the churches evening services were being held, and the congregations becoming panic stricken rushed for the doors. Women screamed and fainted, and a number of persons were trampled and injured in their endeavors to get out of the building. The attempt to destroy the dam was a failure, while the damage to private property was considerable.

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The above cannot be obtained from any other publishing house for less than $10; my price is ***$1.75;*** postage 30 cents.

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ALL FOR NOTHING.

WHY THE DOCTOR WAS DISGUSTED, AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE WITHOUT HIM.

"Well, my wife," said Dr. E——, as he entered his house, which was situated in a cosy village in central New York, "I have got back from a long and dreary drive away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic. If the simpleton had only had sense enough to put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallowing the dip of steaming tea his wife had just poured for him.

"Dr. E——, you're right; yet people do learn, even though slowly. The rapidly increasing use of Benson's plaster proves this beyond question, and the good doctors are certain to be saved much of their needless toil. In all diseases capable of being affected by a plaster Benson's acts efficiently and at once. The genuine have the word CAPCINE cut in the centre. Price 25 cents.

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☞ Sample Room for Salesmen and good stabling for horses. ☞ TERMS MODERATE.
Feb. 20.-3m.

Still Reducing Stock.

I again call the attention of the public to the fact that I am still selling goods at a great reduction in order to reduce my stock. As you all know my stock consists of everything in the

Hardware, House-Furnishing, and Agricultural

line. It is not necessary to enumerate it here, but come and satisfy yourselves that I am offering bargains in everything. As this is the time of the year for Shovel Plows and Cultivators, call and see my stock, which I am selling right down to first cost. I am also offering great bargains in

Wall Paper, Trunks, Silver Plated Ware,

Well and Cistern Pumps, Double Bitt Axes, &c. Remember my terms are cash, I cannot make these big reductions and charge goods on the books.

G. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, May 16, 1884.-tf.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indigestion *Cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever, and Bilious *Specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve Force *Restorers,*
—Take all the *Great* Health Restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—Best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—Concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when ALY or all of these singly or *—Combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.—J. W. MONEY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."
—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

TRIAL LIST.—Cases set down for trial in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county on the Second week of March Term of Court, commencing Monday, March 9,

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 6, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

Around the rink with airy grace
She was floating like a zephyr,
Her graceful move and winsome face,
Why I never shall forget her.
As round and 'round she swiftly flew
As if angel wings upheld her,
Whoa with a crash oppos'd to view
This lovely bewitching creature
Lay on the floor! 'Tis too shocking,
It must be told, for, oh, too true!
She wore but one striped stocking.

—Court week.

—Democratic President.

—For canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

—For choice groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The Lilly Cornet Band will parade in that place on St. Patrick's Day.

—Last year the tax on dogs in Westmoreland county amounted to $3,412.53.

—The Court finished up the business of the week and adjourned on Wednesday evening.

—Ex Sheriff Herman Baumer was attending Court as a witness during the present week of Court.

—Mr. Michael C. Bradley, an old citizen and business man of Lilly's, is dangerously ill in that place.

—Associate Judge Flanagan was not in attendance at Court the present week on account of illness.

—Judge Johnston's little son Bertie, is lying ill with pneumonia, but we are glad to say is rapidly recovering.

—Editor Baker of the Carrolltown *News*, was one of the skaters on Wednesday night at the opening of the rink.

—The coal miners at Lilly's are making a little more than half wages but business is slowly and steadily improving.

—Joseph Watson, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Huntingdon, died at his home in that place on Tuesday last.

—Mr. W. J. Dufton of Titusville, has rented the Tudor store room and will open up a hardware store about the first of April next.

—T. Benton Dully a former temperance lecturer, died in the Gettysburg almshouse on Sunday last, a victim of delirium tremens.

—Mrs. Rachel Martz, an aged lady of Lilly's, this county, received from the government recently a back pension amounting to $1,800.

—Wanted—A girl who can speak German, to do housework in a family that resides in the country near Johnstown. Inquire at this office.

—Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant the ground has never been known to be frozen so deep in this neighborhood as it has this winter.

—George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of John Cain, who will sell a lot of cattle at his residence in Munster township, on Monday, the 16th inst.

—James Myers, of the Mountain House, made his first appearance down stairs on Tuesday last, looking pretty well bleached after his recent illness.

—Several of Company A's "bold soger boys" that started from here on Monday morning, got left at Altoona but were taken along on a later train.

—Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, and C. T. Schubert, of the Johnstown *Freie Presse*, paid our office a short visit on Monday last.

—Vigorous health is man's finest estate. If weak and nervous, send for circular and *free* trial package of Pastilles—a radical cure. Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—On Thursday last a destructive fire occurred at Irwin, Westmoreland county, destroying about $70,000 worth of property. The fire occurred in the business portion of the town and several stores were burned.

—The sleighing party from East Conemaugh which stopped in this place Thursday last will take the "cake" at any time for economy. They brought their own dinner and horse feed with them.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones desires to call the attention of her customers to the fact that the time is close at hand for buying her spring stock, and she therefore requests all those indebted to her to call and pay up.

—At Mrs. R. E. Jones' millinery store in this place will be found a rare lot of bargains in corsets, gloves, hosiery, laces, embroideries, etc. Call at her store and examine the goods on her bargain counter.

—The will of the late Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, directs that after the payment of certain private bequests ten per cent. of his estate shall be distributed among certain charitable institutions.

—A special train was run on the branch on Wednesday evening at 7:15 after the adjournment of the Court, thus enabling parties living along the line of the railroad to get to their homes on Wednesday night.

—In a scrimmage on Friday last in this place, Elias Edwards, of Blacklick township, seized Emanuel Custer, of this place, by the ear with his teeth and held on until he took the upper part of the right ear off.

—L. F. Darnell, Johnstown's enterprising florist, has placed us under obligations for a very fine lot of cut flowers. Persons wanting anything in his line should call on or address him at Johnstown. See his advertisement in another column.

—A bill has been introduced into the State Legislature authorizing the election of all assessors for a term of three years, instead of one. The object is to enable them, by greater familiarity with their duties, to make better assessments.

—Last week an opinion was filed in the Dauphin county court in the case of the Commonwealth against the city of Altoona, involving the taxation of loans claimed to be exempt under special laws. The opinion awards $4,825.48 to the State.

—Company A, of this place, numbering about seventy men, started on Monday morning on the 10:40 train for Washington City, to be present at the inauguration ceremonies. They presented a fine and soldierly appearance as they marched down the hill to the station.

—This paragraph is written on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of saying that President Cleveland's inaugural address cannot be received here before to-morrow at 10 A. M., and as that is about the hour we put the FREEMAN to press, we cannot, of course, publish it before next week.

—Quite a large number of people were in attendance at Court during the present week, and next week will also bring a number of strangers to town. It would be well for people attending Court and everybody else to remember that at John Owens' store on High street, they will find a choice lot of dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions all of the best quality and sold at the lowest prices.

—Constable Bowser and Milton Weston were tried in Allegheny county last week, for the murder of Obadiah Haymaker in the contest over the Murraysville gas well in Westmoreland county. A change of venue to Allegheny county was asked for by the defendants, on the allegation that they could not get justice in Westmoreland county.—Bowser was found guilty of murder in the second degree and was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. Weston was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter. He has not yet been sentenced.

—F. H. Barker was sworn in as burgess on Monday last and Burgess Gutwald consequently stepped down and out. During Mr. Gutwald's administration the town has been well governed and he has administered the borough law to offenders without fear, favor or affection. During the seven months of his official term he collected and paid over to the borough treasurer the sum of $52.75 for licenses and fines.

—The new skating rink was opened on Wednesday night and drew a full house.—The Carrolltown Silver Cornet Band was in attendance and furnished the music. A sled load of Johnstown's skatorial artists arrived in the evening and added to our home talent, made the room ring with the rattle of the rollers. Those who ought to know say that the floor is first class and that the enterprising gentlemen who have built it, have spared no expense in making it complete in all its appointments.

—The Huntingdon *Semi-Weekly News* says: On Saturday last as Mr. John Adams, a well-to-do citizen of Orbisonia, was going on horseback through the Rockhill Narrows on his way to Burnt Cabins, he was shot at by a man who had concealed himself near the roadside. The bullet went through Mr. Adams' hat, about a quarter of an inch above his head. Mr. Adams went on his way to Burnt Cabins and returned to Orbisonia Monday. A party of citizens have gone in search of the highwayman.

—Peter Gates who was employed on the farm of Dr. C. Emerson in Conemaugh township, on Friday last while handling a gun that he supposed was not loaded, placed his foot on the hammer and snapped it when it exploded, sending the ball into his body near the collar bone, passing upward and coming out at his neck cutting the jugular vein. He died almost instantly. He was about seventeen years of age and a son of George Gates who was killed on the railroad near Johnstown about ten years ago.

—About a month ago it was reported that John McDade, an eccentric and demented man who has been travelling through the northern portion of Cambria county for many years, was found frozen near Coalport, but an investigation found the report to be without foundation. Last week a correspondent of the Gallitzin *News* finished John by freezing him near Baker's mines, after being refused lodging and shelter by a hard-hearted family residing in that vicinity on the night of the 19th ult. As John has been visiting different parties in Clearfield township since last week's *News* was published, we have come to the conclusion that John is either very hard to freeze or else is very easily thawed.

—The announcement of the Ebensburg Normal School appears in our paper this week. The school has become a fixed institution for our teachers and has been successfully conducted during former terms. Several new features will be added which will make the school more successful than ever. Already a large number of students are enrolled for the coming term and the present session promises to be the largest ever held in the county. Every year a large number of young teachers are employed who must attend school if they expect to be retained for the next term, as the standard is being raised every year. Teachers should write for circular giving full information.

—One day last week Conrad Anger, of Susquehanna township, paid a visit to his friend, Adam Neff, of Barr township, taking with him his wife and two children, a little girl of about seven and a boy about five years of age. When ready to return Mr. Anger placed his children in the sleigh and went into the house for his wife. During his absence the horses got frightened and ran off. Mr. Anger started in pursuit, expecting and fearing to find his children probably hurt or killed, but after following some distance found the little girl and a little further on the boy, both unhurt, they having jumped out and the soft snow saved them. The horses ran for about two miles where Mr. Anger found them, one on each side of a fence, both uninjured and the sleigh but little damaged.

—The stockholders of the Turtle Creek Valley Railroad held a meeting on Monday afternoon at Pittsburg, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of Tuesday last. They decided to at once advertise for contracts for the construction of the road, and within thirty days will have the section of the road between Turtle Creek and New Salem under construction. The following directors were elected: J. H. Connor, President; W. L. Stewart, W. J. Wilson, Adolph Everhardt, James Herron, G. F. McLain, J. S. Ferguson. "This road will cost $10,000 per mile to build," said President Connor. "We have a capital stock of 2,000 shares, of a par value of $50 each. All of this stock has been taken up, so you see we are ready to begin work at once. Our charter is an old one, and gives us the right to deposit leases with the banks and secure loans on them. We have 17,000 acres of valuable coal land under lease that has not been opened up. It contains two veins, one nine and the other thirteen feet in thickness. Mr. W. J. Wilson, of Sharpsburg, will be the chief engineer of the new road, and two corps of engineers will go out to-morrow to complete surveys. Our road will not only open up desirable territory, but will give the Seaboard and Western, Rochester and Pittsburg, and the New York and Lake Erie roads an inlet into the city. It will also be an important feeder for the Baltimore and Ohio road."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About noon on Friday last the dwelling house of Mr. James White, in Blacklick township, was destroyed by fire, together with the entire contents of the upper story. Mr. White had gone in the morning for a load of coal, leaving his two little girls in charge of the house who did not discover the fire which originated up stairs until it had too much of a start for them to put it out. E. F. Black and Edw. Kimball, of this place, who were hauling logs through Mr. White's farm, ran down to the house and succeeded in removing all the furniture from the lower story, getting the cooking stove out just before the roof fell in. Mr. White's loss is about $1,000, and he had no insurance. This is the second time Mr. White has had the misfortune to have his house burned, as his house on the same farm and near the same spot was burned down about fourteen years ago.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF DEEDS.—D. A. Luther, high sheriff of Cambria county, on Wednesday last, acknowledged his deeds to the following parties:

His deed to Mary Bradley for 109 acres in Allegheny township, sold as the property of Michael Fitzgibbons for the sum of $900.

His deed to J. S. Meloy for 27 acres of land in Dean township, sold as the property of Jacob Kopp for the sum of $100.

His deed to A. V. Barker for 5 acres of land in Chest Springs, sold as the property of P. F. Kearney for the sum of $151.

His deed to William Litzinger for 87 acres in Clearfield township, sold as the property of P. F. Kearney for the sum of $500.

His deed to George B. Stineman for a lot in South Fork, sold as the property of Perry Swartzentrover for the sum of $40.

A POSITIVE GUARANTEE is given that every article sold at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa., is lower in price than the same quality and make can be bought elsewhere. And remember, right here, that it makes no difference how low a price other clothiers may ask for their goods, or what inducements they may offer for your patronage the prices will always be lower at the GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE, 1301 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and even Asthma *immediately* relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by E. James.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Court met at 10 o'clock on Monday morning with President Judge Johnston and Associate Judge Masters on the bench. Associate Judge Flanagan being unable to attend on account of sickness.

James J. Kaylor, of Allegheny township, was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury.

The newly-elected constables filed their respective bonds and were sworn in.

John N. Strayer was appointed constable to attend to the Grand Jury, and James Myers and Anselm Weakland to attend upon Traverse Juries.

District Attorney H. G. Rose on leave of Court entered a *nolle prosequi* in the following cases, on payment of costs by the defendants and on filing bonds for the use of the county in cases requiring the same:

Commonwealth vs. John Keiper, fornication and bastardy; Ellen Swartzman, prosecutrix.

Com. vs. William Swank, fornication and bastardy; Mary Aoler, prosecutrix.

Com. vs. Charles Lefevre, fornication and bastardy; Margaret J. Miller, prosecutrix.

Com. vs. David Baldwin, Alex. Mock, Peter Yager, riot; W. H. Hildebrand, prosecutor.

Com. vs. Enoch Glicoff, "Reddy" Metz, Conrad Vinegar, assault and battery; Henry McCreary, prosecutor.

The following cases were continued:

Commonwealth vs. James Chambers and Sarah Trump, larceny; R. J. McDonald, prosecutor. This was continued on application of defendant, on certificate of Dr. Emerson, stating that Mrs. Moore, a witness, was very ill, and could not attend.

Com. vs. James B. Anderson and A. L. Gibson. They are indicted for violating the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania Railroad by act passed 1871, whereby, if by neglect or refusal to obey orders death results from it, the penalty is not more than six years' imprisonment and not more than $1,000 fine. Mr. Anderson entered bail in the sum of $1,000, with Herman Baumer, security, and process awarded for A. L. Gibson.

Com. vs. John C. Dishong, for fornication and bastardy; Mary J. Smith, prosecutrix. Continued on account of child not born. Defendant is in jail.

Com. vs William F. Cook, embezzlement; P. M. G. Brown, prosecutor.

Com. vs. Bennie Cooper, *forniz et cet*; Mary Hinkebiler, prosecutrix.

Com. vs. John M. Davis, *forniz et cet.*

Com. vs. Daniel Garman, selling liquor without license; defendant pleads guilty.—Sentenced to pay a fine of $200 and costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. William Jackson, Francis Ward, Michael Coyle, Francis Lamp and William Down, burglary and larceny. Defendants plead guilty of larceny. Sentence suspended and recognizance taken for good behavior and costs.

Com. vs James Burns, John Mullen and Martin Leonard, malicious mischief. Jury find defendants guilty. Defendants sentenced to pay jointly a fine of $20 and costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. James Burns, John Mullen and Martin Leonard, aggravated assault and battery. Defendants found guilty and sentenced to pay jointly a fine of $20, costs of prosecution, and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for 20 days.

Com. vs. Matt. H. Martin, *fornix et cet.*—Not taken.

Com. vs. Samuel Kelly, assault and battery. Not a true bill and the prosecutor, John A. Storm, sentenced to pay the costs.

Com. vs. John Gwinn, selling liquor without license. Not a true bill and the prosecutor, D. A. Garman, to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Caroline Smith, selling liquor without license. Jury find defendant guilty.

Com. vs. Elwood Gordon, escape from jail. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to a term of six months in county jail.

Com. vs. Frank Roberts, escape. Plead guilty and was sentenced to a term of three months in county jail.

Com. vs. Benjamin Storks, escape. Plead guilty and was sentenced to a term of three months in county jail.

Com. vs. Elwood Gordon, Wm. McCleaster, Frank Roberts, Benjamin Storks, Geo. W. Eiler, Geo. Swartzman and John Ream, larceny. Nolle pros. entered.

Com. vs. Wm. McCleaster, escape. Plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and serve a term of three months in county jail.

Com. vs. Aaron Walker, shooting with intent to kill and assault. Jury find defendant guilty of an assault. Sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. Charles Adams, aggravated assault and battery. Not a true bill and the county to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Richard Brown, larceny and receiving stolen goods. Not a true bill.

Com. vs. Joseph Fox, cutting with intent to kill; cutting with intent to maim, disfigure and disable; aggravated assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in Western penitentiary for the term of one year.

Com. vs. Daniel Wingard, larceny. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to make restitution of stolen property, pay costs of prosecution, a fine of $5 and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for two months.

Com. vs. William Hughes, larceny. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for six months.

Com. vs. Mary J. Hughes, receiving stolen goods. Defendant plead guilty and submits. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for thirty days.

Com. vs. Robert Hall, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $20, costs of prosecution and undergo a term of 20 days in county jail.

Com. vs. Charles Adams, carrying concealed weapons. Jury find defendant not guilty, but that each party pay one-half the costs. Defendant and Aaron Walker, prosecutor, sentenced accordingly.

Com. vs. Louisa Michaels, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and costs.

Com. vs. William Hughes, larceny. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $5, costs of prosecution and undergo an imprisonment in county jail for thirty days.

Com. vs. William Stough, burglary and larceny. Jury find defendant guilty and sentence deferred until Monday.

Com. vs. William Stough, shooting at a person with intent to kill; drawing the trigger of a firearm with intent to maim, disable and disfigure; shooting at a person with intent to maim, disfigure and disable. Two cases and defendant pleads guilty to both. Sentence deferred until Monday.

Com. vs. Edward McGlade, murder. Not a true bill.

Jupiter's Lottery.

It is said that the god Jupiter once made a lottery in Heaven and allowed both mortals and gods to hold tickets. The grand prize was wisdom and Minerva held the winning card. This caused trouble among the mortals, and, to appease them, Jupiter offered folly as a second prize, which they all drew, and were highly pleased with it. Ever since that time folly has been held in high estimation by mortals. If they wish to be noted for wisdom they will buy PERUNA and MANALIN of the nearest druggist, and use them for the various ailments which are known to humanity. Thousands are hearing wisdom in this regard, and are loud in their praises of these wonderful discoveries of Dr. S. B. Hartman's. Buy a bottle and win the prize once carried off by the famous goddess of wisdom.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following transfers of real estate were filed in the Recorder's office, this place, during the three weeks ending March 4, 1885:

David R. Hess, Sr., to David R. Hess, Jr., lot in Coopersdale borough; consideration, $1.

Margaret Brown et al. to Jacob Singer, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $2800.

Heirs of Frederick Pioff, deceased, to Elmira McDonald, two lots in Loretto borough; consideration, $300.

Administrator of Justus Varner to Isaac Horner, 35 acres and 10 perches in Adams township; consideration, $575.

Josiah Custer to A. W. Zegler, 111 acres and 98 perches in Jackson township; consideration, $600.

William Huffman to Adams township school district, lot in Adams township; consideration, $20.

John Hickey to Patrick Reed, lot in Mill ville; consideration, $1.

Patrick Reed to John Hickey, lot in Millville, consideration, $1.

Henry Fye to John D Raymon, 47 acres and 125 perches in Richland township; consideration, $1400.

John D. Raymon to Benjamin Thomas, 47 acres and 125 perches in Richland township; consideration, $1400.

Henry Anstadt to Abraham Varner, 30 acres in Jackson township; consideration, $600.

John A. Hill to Ananias Myers, lot in Lower Yoder township; consideration, $60.

John Rose to Ananias Myers, 3 acres and 8 perches in Upper Yoder township; consideration, $180.

George Roseline to Loretto borough, lot in Loretto borough; consideration, $25.

Annie E. Glass to Loretto borough, lot in Loretto borough; consideration, $36.

Summit Coal Company, Limited, to Jas. S. Gallagher, 63 acres and 163 perches in White township; consideration, $18.12.

James S. Gallagher et ux. to S. M. Woodcock and J. B. Gifford, 435 acres and 163 perches in White township; consideration, $2500.

Levi Jacoby to Sarah Wissinger, two lots in Stonycreek township; consideration, $100.

Nancy J. Hoerle to Frank C. and Edward Hoerle, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $860.

Christian Wisemiller et ux. to Johnstown Building and Loan Association, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $2000.

Johnstown Building and Loan Association to John A. Emmit, lot in Johnstown borough; consideration, $800.

Samuel Watts to Margaret Kettle, lot in Gallitzin borough; consideration, $90.

William Yoder to Hiram Yoder, lot in South Fork; consideration, $90.

Hiram Yoder to Thomas J. Wilt, lot in South Fork; consideration, $135.

Thomas J. Wilt to William Salkeld, lot in South Fork; consideration, $80.

William Salkeld to N. S. George, lot in South Fork; consideration, $1,000.

Jeremiah Shull et ux. to Sarah Helsel, lot in Adams township; consideration, $3500.

August Bergoane to trustees of I. O. O. F. No. 537, lot in Wilmore borough; consideration, $500.

John E. Strayer to Sarah A. Ellenberger, lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $250.

Joseph Brown to Alice Wilhelm, lot in Conemaugh borough; consideration, $500.

David Good to Frank Stutzman, 115 acres and 104 perches in Upper Yoder township; consideration, $4000.

Lewis Pitt et al. to Susan Kettering, 1 acre and 45 perches in Conemaugh township; consideration, $1.

David G. Harris to Edmund Bishop, lot in Morrellville; consideration, $350.

Sylvester J. Davis to William L. Galbraith, lot in Coopersdale; consideration, $1300.

I. E. Chandler to William A sheom, lot in Morrelville borough; consideration, $215.

James Cooper to Sylvester J. Davis, lot in Coopersdale borough; consideration, $600.

IT IS now about five years since first began selling Ely's Cream Balm, and from the time of its first introduction there has been a growing demand for it, and so far as I can learn it has given very great satisfaction to my customers. I consider it a catarrh remedy of genuine merit.—A. B. Burns, Druggist, Montrose, Pa.

The blood would run. I was a great sufferer from catarrh. My nostrils were sensitive to cold; at times the blood would run, and at times I could hardly breathe. I used Ely's Cream Balm. To-day I am a living witness of its efficacy.—Peter Bruce, Farmer, Ithaca, N. Y.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.—At this season of the year, when your cows fail in milk, your horses become rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, the hens won't lay as many eggs as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powders judiciously administered an investment that will pay big dividends. They are positively the best Horse and Cattle Powders made. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. What other manufacturer dare make this offer. Sold by all dealers.

For scrofula, erysipelas, teter, salt rheum skin disease, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ringworm, hives, and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. Warranted. For sale by E. James.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.

Just So!

Seven out of ten you meet have a bad cold, and with coughing, hawking and snorting are about kept busy. Do a good thing for yourself at once, by going to the nearest drug store and getting a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. If you are not satisfied that it is worth all you pay, the druggist will hand you back your money. For sale by E. James.

Traditions of the Universal Deluge.

To prove the historical accuracy, and divine authority of the Book of Genesis, it is not necessary to go back to the epoch of man's first appearance on this planet. The Universal Deluge is the key to the position. That proved, the enemy's position is carried.

If we can prove that the race of mankind was swept from the face of the earth, and that a small remnant was saved in an ark built for the purpose; it follows that the saved remnant must have been *supernaturally* directed to build the ark, and divinely warned of the coming flood which swept away all the rest of the human kind.

"The mythologies of religious systems, of almost all heathen nations, present the most striking traces of this great calamity to the human race."

Now, an engineer, in constructing a fortification is not obliged to make the material he uses; for he finds all ready to hand, trees, rocks, rivers and ravines, which he arranges systematically, and builds into a strong fortification. So it is with him who builds an argument. He finds monuments, Bible facts, of history, manners and customs, monuments and ruins, traditions and fables, institutions, and concatenations of circumstances *like a bridge between the present and the past*—all of which he adjusts into proper shape, and constructs a fortification of Truth, like a citadel on a great mountain, beyond the range of the enemy's guns.

We will next present a few facts, which are built into the history of the world like great stones in the base of the Pyramid of Cheops. There they stand, and the puny hand of man cannot move them.

Josephus Flavius, the celebrated Jewish historian who flourished in the first century of the Christian Era, a favorite with the Roman Emperor, Vespasian, a representative of his nation at Rome, and a commissioner to Galilee, appointed by the emperor, gives us the following list of historians who mentioned the deluge:

Berosus, a Babylonian historian, gives the same account with Moses: Hieronymus, the Egyptian; Nicolaus of Damascus, "And many others, as Josephus also testifies, mention these things."

"Abydenus, an ancient Assyrian historian, makes mention of the deluge being foretold before it happened, of the birds being sent forth three several times, and of the ark being driven into Armenia."

"Alexander Polyhistor, another ancient historian says, that in the reign of Xisuthrus, (Noah) was the great deluge—that Xisuthrus was saved. Saturn having predicted to him what would happen, and that he ought to build an ark, and together with the fowls and creeping things, and cattle, sail in it."

Plato, the Greek philosopher, mentions in detail the great deluge.

Diodorus Siculus, 40 B. C., who wrote a Universal History of the World down to 60 B. C. in forty books, a contemporary of the Cæsars, informs us of a tradition of the Egyptians concerning the deluge of Deucalion, in which most living things perished.

Ovid's description of Deneulion's flood is well known to classic students.

Plutarch, the greatest biographer of antiquity, mentions in his Treatise on the Sagacity of Animals, the dove sent out by Deucalion.

Homer, the father of secular poetry, mentions the rainbow as a *sign* or *token* to men.

More anon. A. D. H.

CALLIE AULTZ'S TERRIBLE CRIME.—A dispatch from Huntingdon says that Miss Callie, daughter of Michael Aultz, living at Cornpropst's Mills, near that place, has been missing from her home since Tuesday week. It has transpired that her disappearance followed a confession by her to her father of a most horrible crime, with which the name of a prominent young man is connected. He is also missing. For some months Miss Aultz has been confined to her bome and bed. She, while apparently in the deepest distress, refused to permit the rendering of much assistance from her friends. Her father at last began to fear that there was some unusual cause for her illness and persuaded her to make a confession. In December last while attending a party in company with the young man above referred to, she became so indisposed that they concluded to go home. While on the way her indisposition became so violent that she was unable to proceed any further and sat down on the road. The young man carried her into a school house near by and was about to leave her in search of aid, when she beseeched him to remain with her. He, it is said, was not ignorant of the nature of her illness. She was about to become a mother, and in the school house gave birth to her child. After a long debate as to what they should do, and after they began to realize their true situation, they concluded to kill the child, and hide their shame and its fruits beyond the possibility of discovery. After considering various plans, they broke a window, and in the darkness cut the child's throat with a broken pane, and hid its bleeding body in a hollow stump near by. He then, with great difficulty, aided Miss Aultz home. The remains of the child were afterw ard found as she had indicated. After the relation of the aboye, and while her father was debating with himself as to what he should do, Miss Aultz fled from the house and has not since been seen. Some months ago Miss Aultz had, at Altoona, sworn out a warrant against McClay Cherry, whom she charged with her betrayal, and he fled. The young man in whose company she was when the murder was committed is charged with having threatened to kill her unless she attributed her condition to Cherry and that her having done so much was from fear of her life.

CASTORIA.

WHEN Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
—For sale at James' Drug Store.

ACKER'S Dyspepsia Tablets never fail.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EBENSBURG NORMAL
—AND—
TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE FOURTH SPRING TERM of this School will open on

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1885,

For a term of *Ten Weeks*, in charge of Lewis Strayer, County Superintendent, and J. W. Leech, Principal of Ebensburg Schools. Three departments.

PREPARATORY,
Regular Teachers' Course,

And a class for those preparing for PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES.

A new feature of the school will be the

TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS.

☞Write for circular giving full information to COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Box 208, Ebensburg, Pa.

March 6, 1885.-d.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Personal Property.

The subscriber will sell at his residence in Munster township on

MONDAY MARCH 16th, 1885,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following personal property, to-wit:

TWO BEEF COWS, FOUR SPRINGERS, FOUR HEAD OF TWO-YEAR OLDS AND SIX YEARLINGS.

☞Terms made known on day of sale.

[March 6.-td.] JOHN CAIN.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PATRICK MULVEHILL, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter Mulvehill, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.
PETER M. KINNEY, } Executors.
JOHN BURNS,
Wilmore, Pa., Feb. 27.-6t.

NOTICE.—To whom it may concern. Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the storeroom and goods therein of James McNelis in the town of Delaney, Cambria county, Pa., and the business will be conducted by James McNelis as my agent.
ANTHONY McNELIS.
Delaney, February 21, 1885.

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
☞Office over the First National Bank. Entrance on 11th avenue, second door from 12th st.

HYMENEAL.

LEWIS—DAVIS.—Married, at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. John R. Jones, in this place, on Thursday, February 26, 1885, Mr. Jonathan Lewis to Miss Mary Davis, both of Cambria township.

OBITUARY.

DOUGHERTY.—Died, at the residence of her parents, John and Mary Dougherty, in this place, on Wednesday, March 4th, 1885, Miss Ann M. Dougherty, aged 24 years, 11 months and 5 days.

The deceased was born here, was known to every man, woman and child in our town, and no death in Ebensburg has ever caused a deeper or more universal feeling of regret and sorrow than that of the subject of this brief notice. Her whole life was one of industry and devotion to the duties of her father's household, and no woman ever performed them better. She possessed a warm, generous and sympathetic nature, and whenever sickness occurred outside of her own family, and especially among young persons, she was prompt in hastening to their side and rendering that peculiar aid and assistance which tender hands alone can give. Her mother has been a helpless invalid for very many years, requiring nursing attention all the time, as well during the nights as during the day. To her the deceased was ever present or within the sound of her voice, and it can be literally and truthfully said of her that she wore her own life out at the bedside of her mother. There was something wonderfully heroic in her constant and never ceasing devotion to her helpless parent. The strain, however, was too great to be endured any longer, and at last tatot, weary and exhausted, she sank unconscious to the floor and in a few hours afterward died at her post of duty. Surely such a life will meet with its well merited and blissful reward in another and a better world. She was a most exemplary member of the Catholic Church and faithfully performed all the duties it exacts from its members. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery this (Friday) morning at 10 o'clock. May her soul rest in peace.

FRIEDHOFF.—Died, at his residence in Conemaugh borough, on Saturday, February 28, 1885, Mr. Henry Friedhoff, aged 81 years.

The deceased was born in Germany and came to this country with his wife when he was about 30 years of age. He resided on a farm in Munster township for a number of years, and was a brother of Nicholas and Joseph Friedhoff, both deceased, of that township. He was the father of Nicholas J. Friedhoff, deceased, of this place.—The deceased was respected by all who knew him as a good citizen and an honest man, and during his long life performed all his duties faithfully and well. He leaves to survive him an aged widow, six children, forty two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

LYNCH.—Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Bernard Conedy, in Summerhill township, on Monday, March 2, 1885, Mrs. ANN LYNCH, aged about 70 years.

The deceased was a most excellent woman and a true Christian, and was held in the highest respect and esteem by all her neighbors and acquaintances. Four children, two sons and two daughters, survive her. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Wednesday morning. May her soul rest in peace.

SCHENK.—Died, at his residence in Allegheny township, on Wednesday, February 11, 1885, Mr. John Schenk, aged about 40 years.

Deceased was a son of the late Nicholas Schenk of Allegheny township, and was born and raised on his father's farm. In his death the township has lost one of its best citizens, and a blank is left in the home circle. An honest Christian man; sober and industrious; a kind husband and father, and a good citizen, he lived obeying the laws of God and man, and died in the hope of salvation, and a glorious immortality. May his soul rest in peace.

When the evening shadows gather,
There is one who ne'er comes home;
Though the cattle are to fodder,
And the horses are to groom.

Oft we look out towards the stable,
Listening for a footfall's sound;
There's a vacant seat at table,
When the meal-time comes around.

When at evening prayers we're kneeling,
How we miss our father's voice!
When the chapel bells are pealing,
We can scarce with them rejoice.

O, 'tis dreary,—sad and dreary
Without that one familiar face!
We will always miss our father
Round the old familiar place!

Husband, father,—thou hast left us:
But we'll wait the final call,
Which shall join us, nought to part us,
While eternal ages roll!
A. D. H.

PETITIONS FOR LICENSE.—The following persons have filed petitions for license with the clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, to be presented to the Court on *Monday, March 16, 1885*:

Allegheny township—tavern, J. B. Denny.
Barr township—tavern, Eberhart Gessler; eating house, George Hullmgle.
Cambria City—1st Ward—taverns, Edward Hayes, Ignatius Fisher, Peter Roth, Chas. Boyle, Daniel Lysett, Margaret Herbert, Peter Fitzpatrick, Bridget Rowe, Patrick McLaughlin, John Klutz, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Patrick Boyle; eating houses, Frank Kurtz, John Waters, Martin Logan.
Cambria City, 2d Ward—taverns, John Lysett, John Scheffauer, Jacob Schaffer, George Aigner, David Burkhard.
Carrolltown—taverns, Lawrence Schrath, Andrew H. Haug, Edward L. Binder, D. C. Wetsell & Jas. Stein, Charles Langbein; eating houses, Henry Blum, John Stein, Frederick Lage; quart, John J. Haug, Joseph A. Gray & T. S. Williams.
Carroll township—taverns, Thomas J. Weakland, James A. Bagley.
Chest township—tavern, Joseph Rhody.
Chest Springs—tavern, John Cronise, Joseph A. Wirtner.
Clearfield township—eating house, Jno. Bender.
Conemaugh borough, 1st Ward—taverns, P. S. Freidhoff, Erhart Maitz, John Karr, John Gans, Geo. Reid, Frederick Benler, Polly Herringer.
Conemaugh borough, 2d Ward—taverns, C. J. Hoffman, Lawrence Reich, Benedict Eger, Jos. Daley, David Cuntlow, Catharine A. Sloan, Laura Tooey, Andrew Fronefield, John Swartzman, Conrad Ernst, Kate Von Alt, John Gearhart, Albert F. Leckey, Josiah Swank; eating house, Elisabeth Burke.
Conemaugh twp—eating house, Hen. L. Shaffer.
Croyle township—taverns, Thomas Keelan, Peter Brown, John D. Wentroth, Charles S. Crouse.
Dean township—eating house, James J. Rhody; tavern, Leonard Hoffis.
East Conemaugh—taverns, Margaret Kelly, William J. Cannon, George A. Confer, Christina Kist.
Ebensburg, East Ward—tavern, D. G. & James Myers.
Ebensburg, West Ward—taverns, John A. Blair, P. F. Brown, Christina Foster.
Elder township—taverns, Charles Endler, Francis X. Ott.
Franklin—Peter Rubrits, tavern.
Gallitzin—taverns, M. Fitzharris, Jacob Bopp, Daniel Burk Sr., Arnold Leitz, Joseph M. Gleaning, Griffith Bonner, Charles Dress; eating houses, Andrew Geagler, Joseph Dashner.
Grubbtown—tavern, Wm. L. Livingston, Jacob L. Ream.
Johnstown, 2nd Ward—taverns, Conrad Hoffman, Patrick O'Connell, William S. Patterson, Philip Schultheis, Thomas Kinney, George W. Kotah, Thomas S. Davis, Neil Sharkey, Joseph Crouse, John Schiffauer, John Coad, E. H. Wilsoner, John Frank, George C. Rash; quart, John Rash, Jos. Morgan.
Johnstown, 3rd Ward—tavern, John V. Shaffer, John Fritz, Mrs. C. Kast, Charles Zimmerman, Sr., William Thomas, Charles Oswald, John D. Thomas, John Martin, John Zobel, Robert Sogerson, James J. Milligan, William H. Thompson, Stephen Quirk, John J. Hornick, Andrew Winn, H. Fritz & Charles Wess, Joseph Kost, Hugh Greenwood; quart, John Ludwig & Son, Robert & Stream.
Johnstown, 4th Ward—taverns, Eckhart Pfeil, Thomas J. Lewis; eating houses, David Faloon, C. J. Schnable; quart, William M. Dodson.
Johnstown, 5th Ward—Paul Weigand, tavern.
do do 6th do William

WASTEFUL WINTERING.

Much feed is thrown away every winter in the common management of stock. I do not mean the fodder actually wasted in farmyard or stable, but that which is fed, especially to younger animals. For instance, suppose I feed four calves and six yearlings all winter, and in the spring they are no larger than in the previous fall, how much of the fodder they consumed is wasted? I will have a pile of manure proportionate to the fodder eaten, but it would be worth no more than the cost of the labor in taking care of the stock. In order to realize any gain on these animals, I must wait for the extra growth they make in summer pasture. This, undoubtedly is the actual result of wintering a large proportion of the young cattle in this country. They are fed enough to keep them alive, or maybe better than this, to enable them to hold their own, that is, not to fall away much. Brethren, there is no profit in this kind of management, as you can see.

When an animal is fed enough to maintain life and locomotion, and this, of course, is necessary, such additional food as it may have will naturally, if it is not required to keep him from freezing, (which is not often the case), make growth, if a young one, and more flesh if it is matured or full grown. The increase or growth will be according to kind of food given. If the food is coarse or weak, such as straw or poor hay, the animal cannot consume more than enough to maintain vitality, hence stronger or richer food is essential to profit. I should expect to maintain this, with calves, by giving them each a quart a day of bran and oil-meal, mixed, two parts of bran and one part of oil-meal. They would be kept in a roomy stable with a rack for hay on one side and feed boxes for meal on another, and a trough in the stable for water to be carried to them. I would not let these calves out of the stable once during the winter. It would be cleaned out every day, and a little fresh litter scattered on the floor.

If these calves had a feeding of roots with their meal, I should consider their management about perfect, but all the roots I have might be needed for the fattening cattle. But the calve would get all the hay they would eat. The yearlings, on the contrary, would be tied in the stable with halters. This treatment would get them accustomed to being handled, making them gentle. They would be fed double the quantity of the same mixture, bran and meal, with a change from hay to cornstalks. They would be turned into the yard in the middle of the day to drink. This two quarts of meal would make growth, and in the spring I should expect them to be larger than they were in the fall, and in equal, if not better, condition. This would more than pay for the meal, for they would go into pasture strong and vigorous, and begin to grow at once, which would not be the case if they had nothing in the winter but coarse fodder, for then it would take them a month, perhaps, to get started so that they would thrive.—*F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

BEE NOTES.—All persons who contemplate keeping bees or starting an apiary, should now make their selection of bees, as well as choose the style of a movable frame hive they expect to use.

All hives should be made during the winter months from the best of well seasoned lumber, and neatly painted with two coats of good paint.

In making your selection of bees to start an apiary with, you should choose such stocks as have nice, bright combs, with a reasonable amount of honey to last until fruit blossoms appear. It has been to many quite a puzzling question to know how to select a stock of bees that has a prolific queen, at this season of the year. We suggest, to our readers that this can alw ays be known by raising up the hive a lightly, and if you find young white emin yo bees iving on the bottom board, you can be sure the stock possesses a prolific queen, and can be relied on as being a safe choice.

Rye flour, mixed with a little, is a good substitute for the bees in place of farina. It should be placed in shallow boxes a few rods from the bee stands, so the bees will visit and help themselves on nice warm days.

In order to stimulate your finest and best stocks for early breeding, you ought to feed them two or three ounces of newly made syrup from good sugar each day, and if you have other stocks that are destitute of supplies, we recommend candy to be made and broken into small bits and placed between the brood combs or directly over them, so the bees will feed on the same.

Last, though not least, we recommend that all dead bees should be cleaned out from under each hive or stock, and see well to it that each stock has a prolific queen, as well as a full share of honey or artificial food as above recommended, to last them until the flowers will again supply them. Always use a first-class honey extractor, as well as a bee tamer if you wish to succeed with bees and to make them pay.

For scrofula, erysipelas, tetter, salt rheum skin disease, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ringworm, blves, and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. Warranted. For sale by E. James, JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

Just So!

Seven out of ten you meet have a bad cold, and with coughing, hawking and snorting are about kept busy. Do a good thing for yourself at once, by going to the nearest drug store and getting a bottle of Dr. Kesler's Celebrated Expectorant Cough Syrup. If you are not satisfied that it is worth all you pay, the druggist will hand you back your money. For sale by E. James.

His Slippery Glass Eye.

"The Squire," says the author of "The Humble Schoolmaster," "wore one glass eye and a wig. Too glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and the wig turned round sideways on its head when he addressed the parish. Great Orator District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam restores and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, economical, highly perfumed.

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1885. 1885.

THE WEEKLY POST

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"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the peace, prosperity and advancement of the country.

As THE POST has labored unceasingly for twenty-five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in the re-establishment of principles and policies vital to the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshhold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

THE WEEKLY POST will aim to keep fully abreast of the times in everything relating to the incoming administration. Its policy at home and abroad will be intelligently discussed, generously supported or candidly and kindly criticised. No year in the history of this journal promises to be so replete with matters of interest to Democrats as the one which we are about to enter. The meeting of Congress, the declaration of the Presidential vote, the inauguration, the new Cabinet, the civil service reform, the tariff question, the policy of the South, all are of great concern. THE WEEKLY POST will furnish the earliest intelligence, with full discussion of the questions of Democratic standpoint. Success will not hamper it any more than a quarter of a century of defeat impaired its energies.

The session of the Legislature, with a Reform Governor, opposed by a Republican majority, promises to be fruitful of important issues and exciting incidents. The coming session of Congress will be even more interesting in its broader field.

In all its varied departments, THE WEEKLY POST will aim, at excellence and reliability. Its literary, miscellaneous, news and special departments will be maintained in their utmost efficiency, while its markets reports will be prepared with greater care and precision than ever before and made absolutely reliable.

Now the time for Democrats everywhere to take hold, reunite and strengthen the party and its chosen representatives, by extending the circulation of Democratic papers. We are no longer on the defensive—we are done with apologizing—the party to-day stands for a majority of the American people, and in a few weeks it will be called on to administer the general Government. Truth is mighty and has prevailed.

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SYSTEM IN FARMING.

The best and most successful farmer is he who understands his business and reduces his knowledge to a practical system, which may be readily taught and easily understood. Although men have been acquiring a knowledge of the soil and its productiveness for ages, yet their modes of practice are nearly as wide of a uniform system as ever. When we find one who recognizes and conforms to the fundamental principles of agricultural science, we find numbers who laugh at the idea of any other authority than their own practice, handed down from their ancestors. But we find that there are causes operating against old time methods—however good in their day—and rapidly a better and more intelligent course is being adopted. We might state here that the cause of the great advancement that has been made in the cultivation of the soil, has been, to a great extent, the work of the agricultural press. The diffusion of agricultural knowledge by this medium, and the invention and general introduction of labor-saving machinery, have tended to break up, in a great degree old and empirical practices. The use of improved implements necessarily improves our methods of culture, producing a more general uniformity, which on soil of equal fertilty produces similar results. Nature rewards the agriculturist precisely in proportion to the efforts he puts forth to merit her favors. If he puts the soil in a mechanical condition favorable to the circulation of air among its particles, the effects of drouth are less felt and and the soil is in better condition to impart nourishment held therein to growing crops.

There are still other things in the preparation of the soil, which render system in farming so important. He who carefully lays out his farm in proper fields, making a map of the same, devoting each field to a succession of corps, with suitable manuring, basing the rotation upon the adaptation of one crop to fit particular soils, and pursuing all his operations with a plan, doing everything just at the right time, and with a determination to make experiences and the lights of science as available as possible in his calling, will undoubtedly reap the most abundant reward for his labor. To complete the system he must keep a record of all his farm operations, for in no other way can he be said to have a full knowledge of his business. If he keeps no account of the expenses of production, he does not know whether any crop is produced at a profit or a loss; it is all guesswork with him, and this has given what is called "book farming" the discredit which it has among a large class.

In conclusion, I would call the attention of all farmers to the importance of keeping a correct farm record of all their plans and transactions, for in no other way can so large a fund of farm knowledge be obtained with the same trouble and expense. The farmer's ability to transact his business in a business-like manner is increased in proportion to his knowledge of his business in detail, and in the same proportion are his profits increased.—*G., in Ohio Farmer.*

'Rough on Rats' clears out Rats, Mice, 15c.
'Rough on Corns,' for Corns Bunions, 15c.
'Rough on People,' 'Wells' Health Renewer, restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, &c., $1.
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My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using 'Wells' Health Renewer.'
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use 'Wells' Health Renewer.' $1.
Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; 'Buchu-paiba' is a quick, complete cure. $1.

IT IS now about five years since first began selling Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first it has been more than there has been a growing demand for it, and so far as I can learn it has given very great satisfaction to my customers. I consider it a catarrh remedy of genuine merit.—A. B. Burns, Druggist, Montrose, Pa.

The blood would run. I was a great sufferer from catarrh. My nostrils were sensitive to dust; at times the blood would run, and at times I could hardly breathe. I used Ely's Cream Balm. To day I am a living witness of its efficacy.—Peter Bruce, Farmer, Hinsa, N. Y.

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☞ Roofing and other work either made or sold at the manufactory.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 19, 1883-ly.

GOOD SEED-CORN.

It is a poor plan to take seed-corn from the bin, or even save it at husking time. It ought to be selected just when the kernels are hardening, about the first of September. Then, in passing through the field, one can see where two ears are set upon one stalk, which should be of medium height, leafy and erect, with ears well covered with husks, and well tipped out. Such ears, upon such stalks, particularly the best ears on two-eared stalks, should have a string tied around them so that at the husking they will be thrown out unhusked. This is no uncommon practice among corn growers who take pride in their own seed-corn. When it comes to husking there ought to be four times as many ears thrown out as will be sufficient for seed, and they will probably be a fine-looking lot, with few exceptions. If the variety is a favorite, or a really good one, there will very likely be a sale for these ears at a good price for seed after the best shaped ones have been taken for home use. Which are the best? First: The medium sized ones, because the large ones are monstrosities in a small way, and not so likely to reproduce themselves as to produce a diversity of ears, some large and some small. Second: The even-rowed ones, because irregularities in the rows indicate an unfixed type, and a tendency to depart from the type. An eight-rowed corn should always be eight-rowed, and eight-rowed throughout the ear; so with the ten, the twelve, sixteen, or twenty-rowed ears. Ten at the butt, and eight at the tip, shows a wrong tendency, as already said, in the matter of type; besides, it shows an inclination to form big butts. Third: The butts must be small, easy to break off from the stem and husks, yet not weak and flabby, for those are as hard to break off as a leather throng. I have been into the fields of corn to husk and had my hands blistered in a short time, on account of the size and toughness of the butts of the ears, while in other corn-fields the work of husking was a real pleasure, at least for a short time. Fourth: The cob must be small, straight and stiff. The size of the cob is easily known by the length of the kernel. When well-ripened corn dries on the ear, the cob shrinks more than the grain. Hence it holds the kernels firmly set, and the whole ear feels as stiff as an oak pin.—*Col. Weld in American Agriculturist for March.*

If one would take a lesson on the relation of manuring to the successful growing of garden crops, let him look to the market gardeners who supply the city markets with vegetables and fruits. With manure, much of it, and the best that can be had, is a constant consideration. No annual crop is taken from the land but heavy equivalent returns in the shape of manure are made. Rich as the land may be this is piled on every year at a rate that would astonish the uninitiated, even though it was thought to be land the gardener was "building up." Thirty or forty tons a year of well rotted, black manure is usually applied. They get it by keeping the manure teams going almost the year round, picking it up in large or small lots wherever it can be had. Let the kitchen gardners take a lesson from this.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

An Avaricious Age.

A great many people call the present age an avaricious one. The American, as a rule, thinks of the almighty dollar in all of its transactions, whether in the pursuit of wealth, health, or pleasure. The general tendency of our race is toward excess, and this should be carefully guarded against. The love of money is generally credited with being the root of all evil, but all people seem after plenty of the root. It cannot be told from the phraseology of the following whether the writer intended a wholesale cure, or whether he wished to go into a little speculation:

JAMESTOWN, PA.

DR. S. B. HARTMAN & CO.—At what price will you furnish PERUNA by the gallon? I am afflicted with neuralgia and catarrh. I have taken three bottles of PERUNA and it is helping me. L. B. MOATS.

THERE never has been offered the people of Cambria county a medicine so deserving of praise and patronage as McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders. They combine the three most desirable points in any remedy viz; Smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness. They are positively the greatest worm destroyer of the age. Many children suffer continually and finally die, their parents not suspecting that their stomachs are infested and eaten through with worms. Twenty-five cents invested in a box of McDonalds celebrated Worm Powders would have saved the little sufferer's life and given back its rosy cheeks and blooming health. Any case of failure to cause repulsion where worms exist, the money promptly refunded. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.
[5-9.-1y*]

That

feeling of mental dullness, that troublesome bilious headache, fastidiousness as to food, and weary aching pain in the small of the back can all be gotten rid of by using one box of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills.

Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia, "Agents." [5-9.-1y.*]

"I DON'T FEEL WELL!" The stomach is out of order; neglected, this means chronic dyspepsia. You should take Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets and avoid this terrible disease. Sold by E. James.

THE AIM
—OF—
Wolf's Pioneer Clothing House,
TO CRUSH OUT
High-Toned PRICES
—AND—
Gilt-Edged PROFITS.

THIS MUST AND WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED

OUR LONG AND ACTIVE EXPERIENCE IN THE SALE OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING
And Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Gives us the advantage of knowing the wants of all classes of people. An experience of thirty years of successful business enables us to buy or have made such clothing as will suit the trade.

Our Stock of Spring and Summer Clothing

For Men and Boys is simply immense. Better goods were never put together, the style, workmanship and variety having never been equaled at this or any other house. All our goods are made to order and the prices are scaled down to induce rapid sales. Everybody will therefore subserve their own interests by buying at

GODFREY WOLF'S Old Reliable CLOTHING HOUSE,
NEXT TO POSTOFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.

P. S.—Our Youths' Departments contains the largest and best assortment of clothing in the city, and our stock of Furnishing Goods is unsurpassed in quantity, quality and cheapness by any other stock of the kind here or elsewhere.

Great Bargains
TO BE HAD AT THE
GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE
COUCH'S NEW BUILDING,
Corner Eleventh Avenue a 13th Street Altoona,
WHERE HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED ABOUT
$20,000 WORTH of the BEST QUALITY and BEST MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

Which we guarantee to sell at 20 per cent. less than any other Clothing House in the city. Buyers may therefore rest assured that they can save from two to five dollars in the purchase of a suit of clothes or an overcoat, or dealing with us. So please give us a call and examine our goods and learn our prices before investing your money elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

H. MARCH, Proprietor.

ALTOONA, PA., OCTOBER 27, 1882-tf.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and number and fail not to call buy and be happy.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.'S
SEEDS AND PLANTS
Are Annually Sown and Planted in Half a Million Gardens!
☞ This Year's Catalogue Free on Application.
PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.

ALWAYS BUY THE NEWEST AND THE BEST!
When it don't cost any more than an article you have had a hundred times, and for the last fifty times you wished for something new.
MARVIN'S SUPERIOR CRACKERS
ARE ALWAYS THE BEST.
Ask your Grocer for the following New Goods
GINGER FINGERS. BIG COOKIES, same as your Grandmother made.
DIAMONDS AND SWEET HEARTS—this is Entirely New.
ICED HONEY FINGER CAKES. WHITE ELEPHANT CAKES, you want to see these.
TABLE BISCUIT, just what you want. TOAST BISCUIT, it saves lots of trouble.
EXTRA SODAS AND OAT MEAL CRACKERS.
Our reputation on these Goods is greater than we care to state; but when you don't feel well, or have been sick, and don't know what to eat, then is the time you will appreciate Marvin's Extra Food Crackers. ——ALWAYS ASK FOR MARVIN'S CRACKERS AT YOUR GROCERS.——
Office and Factory, 91, 93, 95 & 97 Liberty St., Pittsburgh

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF
VASELINE
(CHEMICALLY PURE.)
One Ounce bottles reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cents
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25 cts. to 15 cents
Five Ounce bottles reduced from 40 cts. to 25 cents
The public must not accept worthless imitations of these goods
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., New York.

Health is Wealth!

DR. C. W. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a wonderful specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To cure any case. With each order received for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by
JOHN C. WEST & CO.,
162 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.,
Sole Prop'rs West's Liver Pills.

Consult DeBUTTS
Dr. DeButts, 162 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ills., Sole Prop'r West's Liver Pills.

WANTED!
AN ACTIVE MAN in every county to sell our Staple Goods to Dealers. Full particulars and sample free. Address, LaCLEDE & BENSON, Brighton, N. Y. Only sold by Jobbers.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S Electric Corsets. Sample free to any lady for introducing. Address, Mrs. Dr. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N. Y.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY
PHENOL SODIQUE.
FOR CUTS, BURNS & WOUNDS, CHAPPED HANDS, SORE NIPPLES, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS or BITES, CUTS and BRUISES, SORE EYES, INFLAMMATION, CHOLERA, YELLOW FEVER, SMALL POX, SCARLET and other FEVERS, in EARACHE, TOOTHACHE, *Foul Discharges from the EAR*, ANTISEPTIC and DISINFECTANT.
PHENOL SODIQUE is a WELL KNOWN and VERY VALUABLE DISINFECTANT, and has established itself as a favorite with the PUBLIC. IT PREVENTS the SPREAD of CONTAGION. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

PATENTS

FITS STOPPED FREE
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INSANITY often as the result. $2 Trial bottle free to Epileptic, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NOW IN USE—36,989.

GOLD WRITING INK. FINE CARDS, Invitations, Autographs, &c. Has no equal. Sells at sight. Big profits. Sample free. Agents make $25 to $10 a day. Address Stamp for terms. AMERICAN GOLD INK CO., Box 2, Rosendale, N. Y.

FARM NOTES.

Dry out your mouldy closets and cellars.

Never distrust the nose as a sanitary warner.

The soil for corn must be dry, rich and well pulverized.

Cows that yield the most milk as a rule, are never fat.

A little charcoal fed to swine now and then proves beneficial.

The first element of success in the care of live-stock is fondness for the stock.

Use the curry comb lightly. When it is used roughly it is a source of great pain.

Never clean a horse in the stable.—The dust fowls his crib, and makes him loath his food.

New York and Pennsylvania grow two-thirds of all the buckwheat produced in this country.

It is asserted that "there is not one farm hand in 10,000 who knows how to feed live stock."

The cellar should be kept strictly clean, and decaying vegetable matter is often a source of disease.

Young pigs always sell for good prices and return a larger profit in proportion to cost than hogs.

A farmer in Plymouth, N. H., raised last year four hundred bushels of onions on less than an acre of land.

Sprinkle a little lime (air slaked) over the potatoes in the cellar. It will tend to prevent rot, and purify the air of the cellar.

Should you run out of axle grease some busy time, mix two parts of lard with one each of black lead and wheat flour, and apply.

It is said that if apples are covered with buckwheat chaff they will keep well and do not freeze as easily as when straw, sawdust or earth are used.

To procure a good coat on your horse, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin and promotes the animal's general growth.

Keep stables warm during the cold weather and free from draughts. This does not mean to exclude all outside air; the stable should be ventilated, but that can be done without draughts.

The Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station calls attention to the fact that in its experiments potatoes raised from large, whole seed, ripened nine days earlier than those from seed cut to single eyes.

AN ORCHARD FERTILIZER.—The best fertilizer I have used for fruit trees is made of chip-dirt from the wood-pile, and old ashes. I mix in the proportion of one bushel of ashes to three of chip-dirt, stirring well with the shovel. About two bushels of this mixture is to be spread around each young tree, giving large, well-grown trees more. The manure is applied at any season. Do not pile around the trees any litter or rubbish that would harbor mice. In summer keep the weeds away from the trees. Experience has taught that this fertilizer serves a very important purpose, not only in supplying the trees with suitable food, but in mellowing the soil and helping on such crops as I may choose to plant in my orchard. It is an excellent fertilizer for any crop, annual or perennial, and the ashes (as hard wood), supply the trees with the element they most need and the soil lacks, namely, potash.

It is a pleasure to see how a young orchard will thrive after an application of this fertilizer. Sometimes I burn logs to get ashes for this purpose, and if I have no chip-dirt, I go to a dead oak or hickory and scrape together the fallen bits of bark and the rich earth at the bottom of the tree. It is a very good substitute for chip-dirt. It is obvious that this material is rich in the elements that compose the food of trees. I believe in keeping fruit trees well fed, and that a large space around each tree should be given exclusively to the tree from which to draw its supplies. I never plant close to my trees, preferring to have them branch low, and to trim down rather than up.—*B. W. Jones, in American Agriculturist for March.*

CONCENTRATED FERTILIZERS.—Most farmers measure stable or barnyard manure by the load; but the phrase "a load of manure" is as indefinite as regards value as a "piece of chalk." Not only do loads vary in bulk, but there is a great difference in the plant food contained in each. The character of a man's farming depends largely on the kind of manure he applies to his soil. If he feeds stock mainly on straw, the manure will be so poor as not to be worth drawing to the fields, except when men and teams have nothing else to do.—There is really more reason than is commonly supposed in the practice of some poor farmers, who leave their straw manure to rot down, and buy fertilizers which give equal fertility in smaller doses. But there is no reason why barnyard manure should be of poor quality. Good stock, properly fed, will pay for feeding enough grain, oil-cake or mill feed to make the manure valuable for all crops.—*American Cultivator.*

SAYS neighbor Smith, "My little girl was pale and sickly, rapidly losing flesh, appetite variable, and sleep much disturbed. Her condition was becoming alarming.—Was advised by a friend to try McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Administered three and she expelled the enormous number of 52 worms." Neighbor Smith now thinks McDonald's Worm Powders are the greatest vermifuge in existence. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

A PAYING INVESTMENT.—At this season of the year, when your cows fail in flesh, your horses become rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, the hens won't lay as many eggs as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powders judiciously administered an investment that will pay big dividends. They are positively the best Horse and Cattle Powders made. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. What other manufacturer dare make this offer. Sold by all dealers.

Wanted.

The worst case in Cambria county of scrofula, erysipelas, tetter or blood disease of any nature, inherited or acquired, to purchase one bottle of McDonald's great blood purifier or sarsaparillian alternative, and as directed and if not benefited many times the value of its cost, your money will be returned. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia agents. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg. [5-9.-1y.*]

The Great Zingari.

For toothache and neuralgia has no equal. Warranted. Only 15 cents at all drug stores. Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia Agents.